IS FRANCE INCURABLE? . . . . BY H. M. KALLEN

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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by Commander Walter Karig & Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley
Reviewed by Paul Schubert

"CHINA TO ME"
by Emily Hahn
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe

"LOOK TO THE FRONTIERS"
by Roderick Peattie
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"HERMAN MELVILLE"
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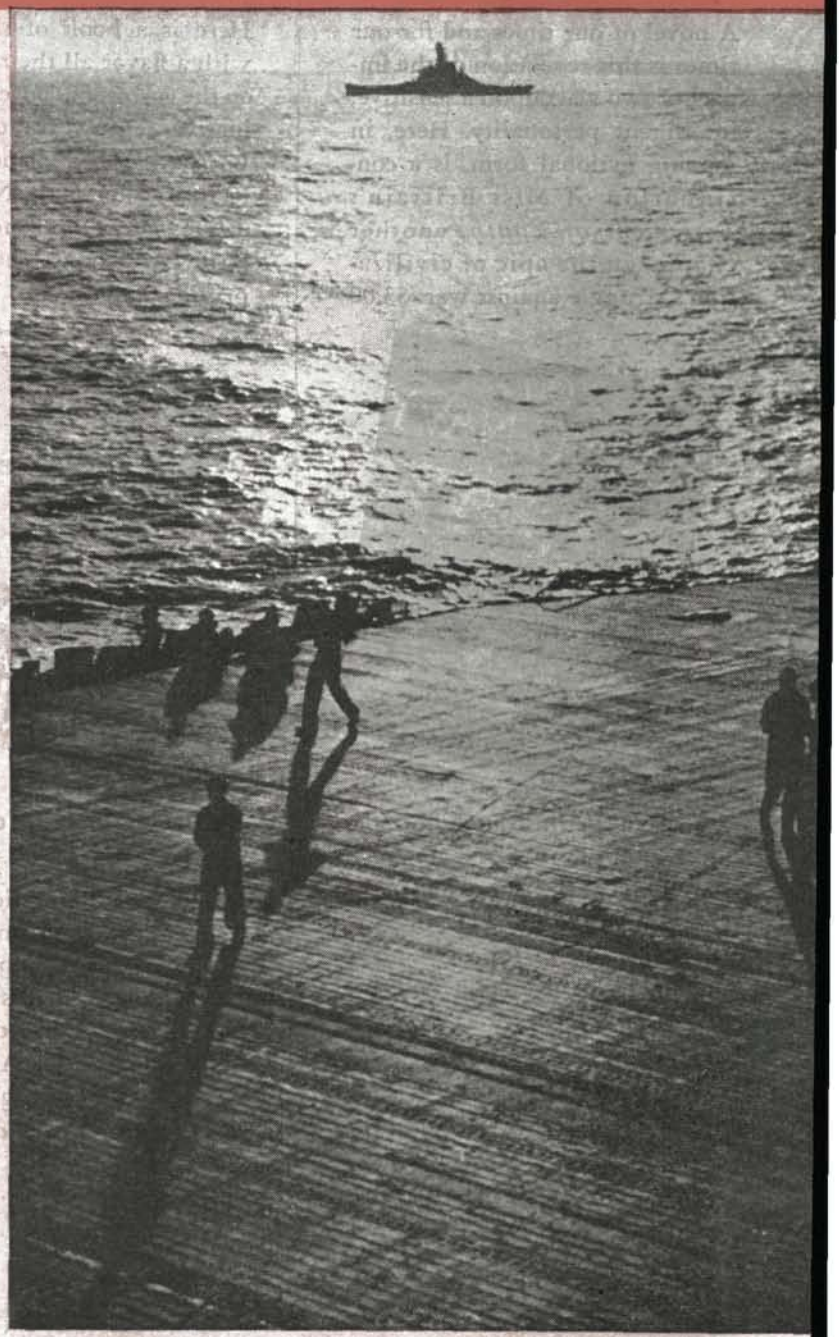

"BATTLE REPORT" deals with the positive side of a fighting Navy finding its soul. (See page 7)

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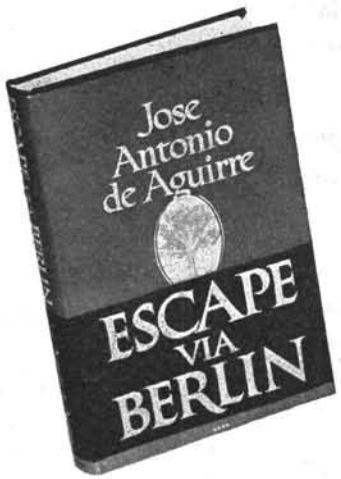

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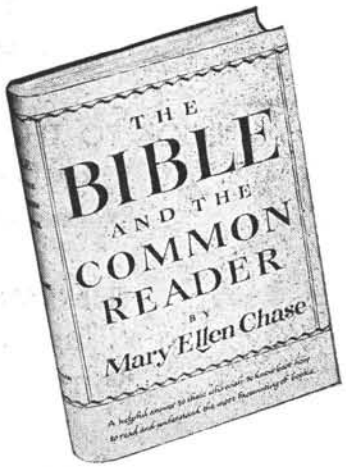

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"A clear, vigorous, courageous book."
—*The Nation*

Foreign Policy Begins at Home

By JAMES P. WARBURG

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "Thorough-going and thought-provoking. To maintain and extend democracy, citizens must therefore exercise their right to determine the broad shape of the nation's policies; and, to make those policies good, they must possess the information on which to base proper decisions. This book presents this kind of information with a very large measure of clarity, simplicity and success."

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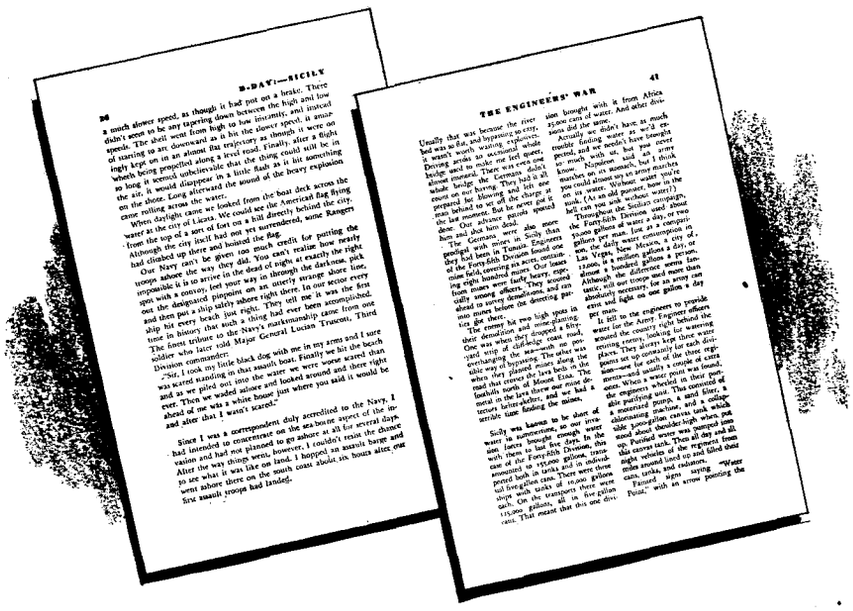
Problem of supply and design



PUBLISHING during this war is very different from the business we used to know. More people are buying more books and there are less books to buy. Those of us who have been around the booktrade for a respectable number of years have had to accustom ourselves to a turnabout. The problem of *selling* a book has dwindled in importance; the problem now is to *supply* books—to make do for an expanding market the twenty-five per cent less paper we are allowed, without penalizing our authors and always trying to be fair to booksellers who are experiencing unprecedented demands.

The publishing story of Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN is typical of what all publishers with best sellers are going through these days. America really loves Ernie Pyle, and we, like the thousands of people who know him personally, understand how richly he deserves this deep regard. Someone has called him the American conscience in this war: His books, HERE IS YOUR WAR and BRAVE MEN, are much more than just books, and publishing them is more than just a successful commercial enterprise. When the first announcement of BRAVE MEN was made last June, it was immediately apparent that the supply problem was going to be gigantic. Every possible ounce of paper quota was diverted to BRAVE MEN, and printings were scheduled to the capacity of our overloaded manufacturing plants. When the Book-of-the-Month Club decided to make it their December selection we were very glad, because it would mean that 300,000 *more* people would be able to read BRAVE MEN. It seemed then as if our own total printings could only be about 190,000 copies because of our dwindling paper quota.

Pre-publication weeks passed, and the advance sale from bookstores soared. Our first problem was to supply copies of BRAVE MEN for gifts to service men ahead of publication. This was done, and 30,000 copies went overseas before October 15th. Publication was set for November 21st, and it was in the middle of October that we knew the advance sale was going to be in the neighborhood of 200,000 copies. The printers could not make enough books in time for publication. Everyone on the Holt staff bent to the problem of pro-rating advance orders so that all bookstores could have *some* copies on hand for November 21st. It was a mammoth job of simple arithmetic, and long streamers of adding machine tape festooned the floors. By December 7, when the last copy of BRAVE MEN which we could make this year came off the press, all advance orders could be filled. But even this was not enough; re-orders were pouring in, and no more paper could be allotted to BRAVE MEN in 1944. We have other authors whose books deserve fair treatment.

A solution was found in the realm of design. It would have been extremely easy to decrease the size of the type, the space between the lines, and the margins, so that the 474-page book could be materially reduced. But readers would have found it too trying to read. We turned to the two-column page you see pictured here as the only sensible answer. We were not at all original in this. Many old books have been set in two columns and some of them are beautiful examples of typography. There was also the recent research for the design of the now-famous Armed Services Editions which indicated that the two-column page with shorter lines of type not only made for easier and quicker reading but for readers' remembering better what they read. So our designer carefully selected a very clear type face and the type area of the page was enlarged slightly. The result has been a pleasant page that can be read quickly and without eyestrain, and which makes BRAVE MEN a book of 328 pages instead of 474, using one third of a pound less paper. By using this new design on part of our printings this fall, we have been able to produce 240,000 copies of BRAVE MEN instead of 190,000. So far there has been nothing but pleased surprise at the appearance of the new page. But it is anxious business presenting a somewhat radical book format, and we will certainly welcome any comments from readers of the book in its new style.

BRAVE MEN
by Ernie Pyle
$3.00

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Is France Incurable?

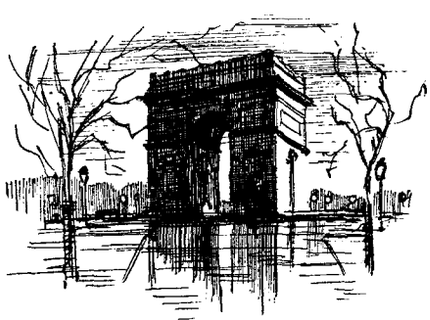
If We Want a Free World, Begin with France

H. M. KALLEN

TO those who are aware of the history of the French people, especially their history since 1789, a recent book* by Roger Picard will seem to make a strange, even an indefensible claim. It will seem to assign to Frenchmen a consistency of character and aspiration dating from a free pre-Roman past to the subjugated Hitlerian present, and sure to be confirmed, enlarged, and perfected by their de-Hitlerized futuré. The French Revolution, M. Picard declares, was no break with the French past. It was that past's consummation, and all the afterchanges were—M. Picard paraphrases Renan—each a page of the same book, arguing the same truth. The truth was Democracy and Democracy has been, is, and will continue to be the doctrine and discipline of the French being. The entire material and spiritual record of the French people manifests it. Their foes —and the foes of democracy—within and without, may call them physical and moral decadents but the record gives the lie to the insult. No decadent people, after having been bled white as the French were in World War I, could have shown the same will and power to self-help in improving the national economy, to raising the national standard of living, and to bettering health alike in colonial and in metropolitan France.

What nation of the West, between 1919 and 1939, can point to more notable or more influential achievements in letters, in music, in the arts? True, France, like every other nation, had her divisions, her conflicts, her corruptions, and scandals. But these were natural incidents within the national unity, not consequences of a central anarchy. Throughout the period, the French, underneath those sects and factions, kept growing toward a democratic consensus even respecting church issues, and without changing the laws. In the France of tomorrow this at-oneness of the first continental people whose ways and works are guided by the ideals of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, will be enhanced and vitalized in an inevitable renewal of the Revolution's fighting faith in freedom; a renewal which will shield the democratic being of France from the temper that led Frenchmen to despise and conspire against the democratic Republic; a renewal which will deal with the Republic's foes, whether royalist or communist, as they deserve to be dealt with. "La République nous appelle!"

The ideal singularity of this Republic which now calls to Frenchmen is the way that Liberty, Equality, Fraternity compenetrate in its spirit, each so modifying the others that all



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."
Arc de Triomphe

are at their dynamic optimum, and liberty never becomes anarchy, nor equality regimented status, nor fraternity totalitarianism. During recent years the French had become depleted of their faith in these ideals of France, they had suffered "de-republicanization"; during the years to come they must, they will, recover and confirm the national faith as the doctrine and discipline of the school, the home, the church, and the state. Each Frenchman must and will base his personal future upon it. M. Picard knows that "la démocratie française, victorieux de bourreaux étrangers, et des usurpateurs de l'intérieur, assistera, triomphante, aux funérailles de ceux qui avait juré de l'anéantir."

Reading the author's eloquent and moving affirmation, you warm to his intent, but you also get the feeling of a sort of whistling in the dark. That which he affirms seems more like a believer's creation than a student's observation. The consistency and homogeneity of the French vis-à-vis the Republic sounds more like a moralist's postulate than an historian's event. In the very course of affirming it M. Picard could not ignore the terrible reality of the power of its enemies within and without, and his righteous anger burns the more bitterly for the good form in which he contains it. Soldier of World War I, by profession a university economist who had served in ministries of commerce and education, from its beginnings an active leader of the French League for the Rights of Man and Citizen, confirmed in his faith in freedom by his youthful studies of the great Renouvier, the philosopher-revolutionist of the Second Republic who convinced William James of the reality of freedom, M. Picard envisages the plain Frenchman in the image of the companions of his own faith, and that faith as the bond of union of all sects and factions of his land.

Were but his vision true! The healing of Europe could not be better served than by such a unity among the French, so that the France of tomorrow might be built into an unshatterable democracy. Talk about what we shall do with Germany is endless, and politicians, soldiers, novelists, columnists, bankers, refugees, and psychiatrists pour out their particular recipes, each based on their particular ideas of the German national character, ideas as a rule due more to their own ruling passions and occupational interests than to the actual being and feeling of the Germans. But alike those who regard the German psyche as a persistent and perhaps incurable paranoia, and those whose perceptions are more conventional or realistic are disposed to treat of it as something inwardly self-containing and inalterable. They incline to ignore the fact that the Ger-

*LA DÉMOCRATIE FRANÇAISE—HIER—AUJOURD'HUI—DEMAIN. By Roger Picard. New York: Brentano's. 1944. 79 pp. 75c.

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mans are a people among other peoples, and that what we do with Germany is necessarily affected by what happens to the character and strength of Germany's neighbors, particularly of France.

Whatever be done, the doing cannot repeat the half-heartedness and brevity of the settlement after World War I; nor can the British and American peoples wholeheartedly undertake the solution which a predatory military imperialism could succeed in. This would be to emulate the Nazis who, wherever their sadist power reached, exterminated the intellectuals, killed off the active dissidents, enslaved, transported, or cruelly murdered the unresisting populations. Indeed, history holds no parallel, even an ecclesiastical one, to the Nazi crusade to bring German salvation to the world by so consistent a logistic of force and fraud. Free peoples are precluded by their faith from thinking, even of Germany, in such abominations. They will not, even for a reasonable time, make of that finally-defeated land a Sparta, with themselves as conquering masters in permanent occupation, and Hitler's liberated German subjects as conquered helots in their own country.

HENCE if we honestly want a world where free peoples can live in peace together, what to do with Germany, once the guilty Nazi legions have been liquidated, can be decided only as the character and fortune of her neighbors are established, particularly of France. In the degree that the neighbors assuredly grow in liberty, well-being, and power, the less we need exercise ourselves about what to do with Germany. The Nazis had their way, not because they were strong, but because their victims were weak or thought they were, alike in spirit and body. The most effective way of permanently disposing of Germany is to help the French, the Belgians, the Scandinavians, and the others to be free societies as strong as they are free. Particularly, so to help France, for France is still the largest continental power in Western Europe, for whom the Frenchmen who never ceased to fight cherished even in defeat a status for which they abate no claim. That the French should be permanently free and that France should be enduringly a strong democratic Republic is far more needful for the freedom and peace of the world than that the Germans should receive their deserts.

But are the French committed in their hearts to such a consummation? M. Picard would persuade us that they are. Does the record, from 1789 to 1940, confirm him? Does it reveal a sure and unswerving national will toward free society such as he postulates? Or does it establish rather a divided and factional spirit, and a series of sudden reversals of power and government, with some form of authoritarianism and monarchy persistently victorious? From seventy to seventy-five years the French state, until the adoption of the faint-hearted constitution of the Third Republic in 1875, was prevailingly some form of dictatorship or monarchy; it was a Republic first for about seven years, again for about three: the Paris Commune lasted about three weeks. The precarious Third Republic, its survival constantly threatened from within, held out for about sixty-five years, until anti-Republicanism came to open rule with the *Führership* of Pétain. From Napoleon's consulship on, this interest has struggled, and struggled with more than small success, to be master in France. The aristocratic and peasant royalists, the Bonapartists, the bureaucrats, supported by the wealth of "the 200 families," have held the preponderance of power.

It was their sons, taught to be royalists in politics and authoritarian monarchists in religion, who were enrolled at St. Cyr to become "the Army," and to oppose in spirit and often to conspire in fact against the Republic it was their sworn life-task to defend. The Dreyfus Affair was their conspiracy; the employment of anti-Semitism generally as an instrument of anti-democratic policy was their device; it was their money which made of the French press a red-light district of the mind. If one of their first philosophical voices was the ultramontanist Louis Veuillot, one of their latest was the positivist Charles Maurras. Aid and comfort came to them also from Taine and Renan. Even the old tiger Clemenceau was cynical about democracy, and the sneer at "la mystique démocratique" was a pet instrument of their publicists. Their ultimate concretions were the Croix de Feu and the Cagoulards. Their last word was "Better Hitler than Léon Blum." In the *Führership* of Pétain, consecrated upon the betrayal and ruin of the Republic, they came to their consummation. It is this *Führership* that the *Osservatore Romano* welcomed as "the dawn of a new, radiant day, not only for France but for Europe and the world."

—*From "All Men Have Loved Thee."*
On the Banks of the Seine.

Substantially, the Third Republic took democracy timidly, with anxiety and nerves. Its politicians and policy-makers were afraid of genuine government of the people for the people by the people, and not less afraid of efficacious executive responsibility. The Constitution under which they operated was a stop-gap Constitution shaped by the fear of recurrent *coup d'états* and hatred of the Commune. Under it government became a party technique of mutual frustration, with the executive impotent, and the living regional units in whose works and ways was the life of France but repressed substrata of eighty-six formal departments administered by prefects appointed from Paris. The total effect was artificially to suck the political life of the Republic into Paris, to prolong the past monarchical centralization, more than ever to put Paris in the place of France.

THE situation thus produced has an irony which might be called the first expression of the free spirit of France. Unwittingly, it set up a central bastion of democracy among the French. Its being defeated the ends of those who devised it. For the people of Paris were of another spirit from the deputies and senators and the empty-titled royalists and ultramontanists of the Faubourgs. They were the marginal people, the freed people of all France, and drew their like from the rest of the world. Factory-workers, tradesfolk, intellectuals, painters, sculptors, poets, novelists, musicians, philosophers, and occasionally priests, their forbears had stormed the Bastille, had driven out Charles X, had set up the Second Republic, had manned the barricades of the Commune, had frustrated MacMahon, had rallied to Emile Zola in the Dreyfus Affair, had been the strength of the Popular Front, had kept the faith with "the principles of 1789." They functioned as a sort of democratic gyroscope against the authoritarian slant of the oligarchic *République Française.*

However, if the definitive propen-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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A Navy "Finding Its Soul"

BATTLE REPORT: Pearl Harbor to Coral Sea. By Commander Walter Karig, USNR, and Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley, USNR. Illustrated, maps, index. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., for the Council on Books in Wartime. 1944. 499 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

ON November 11, 1940, British torpedo-planes launched a surprise attack against Italian battleships and cruisers moored inside the Italian naval harbor at Taranto. These ships, safe enough against older forms of surprise attack, were glaringly vulnerable to the new torpedo attack from the air. Had the British attacking force been stronger, every ship in the harbor might have been sunk. An era had ended. Whether at sea or in port, defense against plane-launched torpedoes had become a prime consideration of naval operations.

At that time, the United States Navy was not at war, though all men knew this country might become involved. The United States Navy, potentially the greatest fighting force afloat, was presumably "learning" the lessons of the warfare in the European theatre. By December of the following year, we had become so enmeshed in the trial of strength, not only in the Atlantic but also in the Pacific, that the Navy was exchanging shots with German U-boats, and had orders to open fire if Japanese war vessels were encountered under certain circumstances. The Japanese envoy, Kurusu, was in Washington on a mission which left no doubt as to the possibility of war.

Yet, despite the lesson of Taranto, the main body of the United States Pacific Fleet was moored at Pearl Harbor under conditions of glaring vulnerability to surprise attack, not only from the air, but by submarine. Apparently there were neither anti-submarine nets across the entrance, nor anti-torpedo nets or cofferdams abreast the moored ships. A small number of anti-aircraft guns were ready and manned for action, but the defensive fighter-planes of the shore establishment, heavily counted on for protection against air attack, were exposed in a way that invited disaster.

Early on the morning of December 7, 1941, at least two Japanese submarines entered the Pearl Harbor anchorage and made long and careful reconnaissance—one craft spent a full hour making an undetected circuit of the fleet.

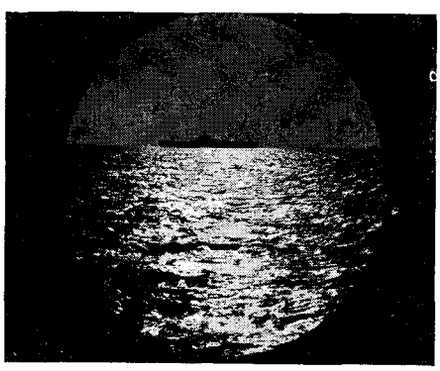
Simultaneously, a Japanese task force was launching one of history's most dramatic attacks—the repetition of Taranto on a major scale. Only a few more than 100 Japanese aircraft were used—probably the striking force of two carriers—but they found the United States Fleet a "set-up" for attack, and they destroyed the defensive air forces of the Army and Navy before any real resistance could take the air.

Within seconds after the Japanese attacked, the United States Navy began to fight back. Since then the Pacific warfare has been one long "battle." "Battle Report" presents us a factual, dramatic narrative of the U. S. Navy's part in this battle, from Pearl Harbor through the surrender of Corregidor.

We can see today that the story of the Pacific naval warfare, when it can be fully told, is going to be one of the most extraordinary epics in all recorded history.

As it has reached us, we have had only fragments and hints. This book, too, is fragmentary. It deals only with the positive side of a fighting Navy finding its soul—rediscovering the difference between peacetime ideas of war, and harsh struggle for life. This book makes virtually no mention of the mistakes and failures. In its long and factual treatment of the events of Pearl Harbor, it does not mention the name Kimmel, nor hint of errors of omission. It shows a shocked, surprised Navy rising in wrath to make the astonishing discovery that it could kill in reaction to death, and almost immediately the further discovery that it could take the initiative, strike first, and kill before being killed.

This is a "Navy" book, disavowed as "official" but bearing the seal of the Navy on its cover. The author and co-author are officers in the Book and Magazine Section of Navy Public Relations. Instigation for the book came from the late Secretary of the Navy Knox. In many ways, especially in its Pearl Harbor portions, the book is marked by the Navy's inevitably defensive attitude toward the events at the outbreak of war. Clearly, officers on active duty in the Navy in time of war cannot presume to make public criticism of senior commanders afloat —that will be the job of detached historians.



U. S. Navy aircraft carrier as seen through the porthole of a U. S. Coast Guard ship.

The value of this book lies in its reliance upon the "reports." As soon as possible after any event takes place in the Navy, all officers and enlisted men connected with it submit detailed written reports of what they saw and did. These reports, now totaling billions of words, are the best source material on the Pacific naval warfare. Ultimately they reach Washington, where they are available only to a chosen few. Everyone who sees "the reports" becomes rhapsodical in reaction to them, for they tell such tales of heroism, of dramatic struggle, of history in the raw, as are never found between the covers of books.

During the days just after Pearl Harbor, the Navy Department was in a quandary as to the problem of telling the public about the war. At the time, it was arbitrarily ruled that no officer on active duty could write for publication. Thus all those who might have normal access to "the reports" were barred from print. But the civilian author allowed to write about the Navy, was barred from access to "the reports" because of the secret or confidential nature of all such records.

From time to time a selected few have been given a partial glimpse of some of "the reports." Here, for the first time, the reports are edited and summarized and presented in narrative form. "Battle Report" is just what its name implies—it is the Navy, telling what it has done in battle. The cumulative effect of the reading of these deeds, is a re-living of the change that has taken place in these United States since Pearl Harbor—the rediscovery of this nation's fighting heart.

In "Battle Report" the Japanese enemy remains largely impersonal, detached, almost mythical—a curious combination of animal tenacity and intellectual blindness, detestable, dangerous, preparing his own end in the very deeds with which he begins his attack. And no narrative of the Pacific war can begin to be complete until it is able to present a picture of the other side, with a reasonably accurate summary of the enemy forces involved, the enemy's intent, and the reasons for enemy behavior.

This book does not pretend to be a complete narrative in the Pacific war. It is merely the latest, and far and away the best, in the sequence of glimpses to reach us, to tell us our own growth as a power.

"Battle Report" is an honest, competent chapter in a performance to which Americans can thrill with tremendous pride.

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Emily Hahn's Transactions

CHINA TO ME: A Partial Autobiography. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1944. 492 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

BACK from the Orient, in misty pre-Pearl Harbor days, came American Marco Polos bringing wondrous tales of a cigar-smoking sorceress named Mickey Hahn, her pleasure dome of an apartment overlooking glorious Hong Kong harbor, her besabled and bediapered gibbons and—of course—Major Boxer's much-heralded baby. That there was more to it all than legend one glimpsed through the personal interstices of Miss Hahn's colorful *New Yorker* articles and "The Soong Sisters." Now the tales turn out to be pallid stuff indeed beside the startling, tragic, romantic, and incongruous realities that jostle one another for space in the lush pages of "China to Me."

Not that Miss Hahn makes anything of it. She raises neither eyebrows, voice, nor exclamation points. She takes the whole fantastic business in stride, reducing it pretty much to the level of detached understatement and the offhand declarative sentence. Suppose she meets a Living Buddha who fears air raids, sings Mongolian cowboy songs, and does cuckoo calls through a grass blade. She relieves the poor old divinity's boredom by taking him on a little picnic. And here is how casual she is about her unique immunity under the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong: "You may shake hands with me if you like; I am the woman who got through the occupation without being slapped. Except once, socially, and that scarcely counts."

The matter of slapping gives you an idea of the Hahn touch—literally. The Japanese chief of Foreign Affairs invited her to dinner. Maybe it was the wine, which is said to personalize political discussion. At any rate Miss Hahn slapped her host. Did the Jovian lightning strike? Did the spirited enemy lady draw the internment camp? She drew another invitation to dinner. There she predicted the defeat of Japan, snapped "Nuts!" when the Foreign Affairs chief boasted that Japan would rule the world. He slapped her, and there hostilities ended.

You will gather that Miss Hahn was no Alice Ben Bolt when it came to the smiles and frowns of the Sons of Heaven. "I do like to be boss," she reminds the reader from time to time. That may have had something to do with her popularity in pre-war Shanghai, Chungking, and Hong Kong. Hers was a warm-hearted, gregarious bossing, apparently rather comforting to take. But it hardly explains her charmed life under the Japanese, who like to boss too. Not only did she escape arrest and internment, but she seemed not to lack for food, social life, or favors.

True, she had some remarkable citizenship cards to play. She was an American married to a Chinese. She played the cards astutely, thereby keeping the occupation authorities

Emily Hahn

dizzy. Again, she was always on the right side of the right men—Chinese, Japanese, British, American, Eurasian—men in high places and low. Her cosmopolitan past yielded a hatful of national rabbits, each waiting to be pulled out at exactly the proper moment. But in the end she may have owed her immunity to the fact that the Japanese admired the Hahn combination of cleverness and attractiveness. They even took it on themselves to chaperone it.

Miss Hahn came to Shanghai as a tourist in 1935. She fell into a job with a British newspaper and enjoyed the international razzle-dazzle of Shanghai life for two years. Her main interest was the temperamental young Chinese aristocrat Sinmay, whom she finally married. It was a rather loose arrangement, accepted by his wife and children, but it was to serve her in good stead years later when Hong Kong fell.

Through the well-connected Sinmay she got in touch with Mme. Kung and received permission to work on "The Soong Sisters." Many authors had wanted to write such a book but had been refused permission by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and her sisters. Soon Miss Hahn was launched into her project and found it necessary to live in Chungking in order to get material from Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. She spent considerable time in the bleak, bomb-battered capital. When she left for Hong Kong she followed the unwritten law by which no personal effects are taken away that can be used by anyone in Chungking. Clothing and toilet articles, non-existent in the market of isolated Chungking, are distributed to grateful residents of the capital. One gentleman was even glad to get a Hahn toothbrush.

In Hong Kong the author finished her "The Soong Sisters" and devoted herself to Major Boxer. A member of the reviewer's family who has met the British Intelligence officer says the devotion is understandable; he is a handsome, witty, and personable fellow. Carola was born shortly before Pearl Harbor.

The story of the fall of Hong Kong has been told many times. Except for her personal role in it, Miss Hahn's account of the tragedy contains little that is new. There is the inevitable British indifference to the Chinese all about them, the proverbial British unawareness of the seriousness of the Japanese threat. Major Boxer was wounded in action, hospitalized, and later interned. As far as is known, he is still in Japanese hands. Miss Hahn and Carola eventually came to the United States on the *Gripsholm*.

The author calls her book an "egotistical history." In speaking of a friend she says: "Like myself, Bob is an exhibitionist and would sell his grandmother if the transaction would make a good story." Miss Hahn sells herself and the transaction makes a good China—a crazy, pathetic, entertaining whirligig of a China.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 77

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

IF YOU ARE STUCK: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 77 will be found in the next issue.*

UIVYO JQUUOONJ PK JQNNOZ NVJGSEUD; DAZOJE UAQZJOHJ CSVZ LVCAI PK NOHSK.

—ESUVEQJ.

CLUE: Fifth word means: MAKE HASTE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 76

CONTINUITY WITH THE PAST IS NOT A DUTY IT IS ONLY A NECESSITY.

—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

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Geography Is Not Enough

LOOK TO THE FRONTIERS. By Roderick Peattie. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 246 pp. $3.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

MR. PEATTIE set out to "let the people know" some facts of geography, hoping thereby to enable them better to judge proposals for the coming peace. The result is a stimulating discussion of some potential post-war problems. Whether the discussion will leave many readers with a clear conception of the fundamental prerequisites of peace is, however, a matter of doubt. The doubt implies no criticism of Mr. Peattie's able presentation of his subject. It is rather the reflection of another doubt, as to whether geography is in truth a major factor in shaping the history of mankind.

In looking to the frontiers, Mr. Peattie naturally gives much consideration to Europe, which holds the world record of "7.3 miles of political frontier for every thousand miles of territory." These European frontiers serve well to illustrate a number of Mr. Peattie's geographic points. To my mind they also recalled an incident of post-Munich days, which serves to illustrate quite another point. It was in Mukacevo, on the eve of one of the many involuntary transfers of political allegiance which accompanied Axis expansion in Europe. Mukacevo is a town in sub-Carpathian Russia, which at that time was under Czechoslovak rule. Its inhabitants are two-thirds Ruthenians, who speak a language and practise a religion akin to those of the Ukrainians on the farther side of the Carpathian mountains; and one-third Orthodox Jews, who speak Yiddish. Before 1918 the region was under Hungarian rule and the town was called Munkacs. Centuries before, it was an outer bastion of Europe against the Mongolian hordes. The day after I saw it, Mukacevo was to become Hungarian again and again Munkacs; and on the eve of that day I sat in a local inn, drinking my wine out of a teapot because a temporary prohibition had been decreed. In the same room sat the three Czechoslovak army officers who were formally to hand the town over to the Hungarians on the morrow. One of them, young and handsome, was playing Hungarian dances on the piano, exquisitely and with great zest. Knowing something of Czechoslovak-Hungarian differences, I could not forbear to ask why. "Why not?" he replied. "I am a Hungarian." To complete the picture I should add that the local German Consul, who had helped to bring these changes about, was at that moment taking refuge from street fighting under a table in the house of the Polish Consul.

—Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.
Roderick Peattie

Could any geographic principle unravel such a political-economic-cultural-ethnographic tangle as that? Geopolitics might. For geopoliticians see the world in simple masses, the problems of each mass simply solved by domination from a predetermined central point. In spite of all their pseudo-scientific paraphernalia, they are in fact nothing more than the old imperialists writ large. It may be worth noting, in passing, that geopoliticians are native to many ages and many countries. England has had them as well as Germany, the United States as well as Japan. They go back at least as far in time as Peter the Great, whose so-called testament saw the future world revolving on an Indian axis; they go forward at least as far as the late (American) Professor Spykman.

To the true geographer, however, the simple solutions of the geopoliticians are so much mumbo-jumbo. If the geographer looks honestly at his globe, he cannot see it fitting naturally into the strait-jacket of a Tanaka Memorial, nor even into the less strait-laced regional alliances of a Field Marshal Smuts. So it is that Mr. Peattie, a true geographer, has no geographic panacea for the world's ills. In fact, he confesses on every other page of this book that geography, like patriotism, is not enough. "Environment," he says, "may affect man and man may affect environment"; so economy must be taken as much into account as geography. Demography may be a greater influence than geography; so that, if we would understand why Englishmen of Elizabethan days burst beyond their

> . . ., precious stone set in a silver sea
> Which serves it in the office of a wall

we must look to density of population rather than to geography for an explanation. Methods of distribution of the world's goods are not less important than their location. Hence political-economic structures such as cartels must be considered along with economic geography.

In the matter of human relationships, of that civilization which he defines as "the art of living together," Mr. Peattie thus admits by implication that geography has no very clear guidance to offer. And even in matters, in which geography has undoubtedly played an important part in the past, the guidance he finds in it for the future is not much clearer. In the past, for example, frontiers have favored the development of civilization by freeing peoples from the fear of aggression. They have also stultified civilization, as in the case of Japan, by causing it to grow in on itself. "The function of rivers," Mr. Peattie believes, "is to unite"; and he cites the Nile as an example. But what of "the watch on the Rhine"? Although mountains are commonly regarded as the most natural of "natural" frontiers, Mr. Peattie points out that Catalan culture has spilled over the high mountains of the Pyrenees. Yet mountains can still be a barrier, as a comparison of the speeds of the Allied advances in the Western Desert and through the mountains of Italy would clearly show.

On one geographic-strategic point, Mr. Peattie has a definite proposal to offer which is at once courageous and sensible. He believes that world strong points, such as Gibraltar and Pearl Harbor, should be internationalized. It seems a possible step towards peace, provided always that the political conditions of international authority can first be satisfactorily established, provided also that the Allies are able to overcome the natural tendency of mankind to believe that sacrifice must have its reward and the victor his spoils. He believes, too, that world communication-ways, such as rivers, should be internationalized; and that also seems a desirable step, provided always that freer communication does not mean freer exploitation, that it does not enable

> . . . Lancashire merchants, whenever they like
> To poison the meat of a man in Klondike,
> Or water the beer of a man in Bombay.

Some of the other concrete proposals

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which Mr. Peattie makes seem to one reader to go as far back as forward. He is, for example, a proponent of "zonalareas." They sound like the old buffer states under a new name; and, if we are to take some account of the wishes of their inhabitants, it would appear improbable that buffer states will be established again. Belgium, which has had the unhappy experience of being a buffer state, has already announced that she wants no more of it.

Mr. Peattie also seems to believe, with the English geographer Lyde, that "boundaries should not run through the marches," but "through centers of dense population where no conflict exists." The rub is in the condition. There are few centers of dense population in the world, where conflict is not either existent or potentially existent. Silesia and the Sudetenland provided cases in point in Europe, Siam and Indo-China in Asia. Even the Canadian-American border, often cited as the outstanding example of a frictionless frontier, has not been entirely so. During the last century, covetous glances were cast across it, in both directions; and in our own times an unusually keen-sighted Chicago publisher saw four hundred thousand Redcoats marching across it on Detroit.

Indeed, in this matter of frontiers, it sometimes seems that no formula—geographic, economic, political, ethnic, or combinations of all four—will ever provide a satisfactory solution. The statesmen of 1918-19 used all the formulae then known in defining European frontiers, and their definition failed. It is fashionable to ascribe the failure to the statesmen's incompetence. It may, however, have been due at least as much to the very nature of frontiers. It may well be that we shall solve the problem of frontiers only when we cease to look to them and begin to look beyond them, to a day when frontiers shall be no more. In a world, whose nationalisms have been exacerbated by war, such proposals seem as visionary as the Redcoats' march on Detroit. Yet, if we seriously intend to make this one world into a world at peace, it is hard to see what other road we can take.

Mr. Janta Becomes Mr. Monsort

I LIED TO LIVE. By Alexander Janta. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 310 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

ALEXANDER JANTA, who was a cadet-officer in the Polish division fighting the Germans on the Western Front in June, 1940, unfolds in this book a little known chapter in the history of this war. When France collapsed he was taken prisoner and throughout the year of his captivity he had to work on a German farm, disguised as a French soldier. It was known that the Germans treated the Polish soldiers fighting in Norway as partisans; many Poles in France, therefore, tore off the embroidered Polish eagles from their uniforms and took identity disks of French soldiers. Mr. Janta, journalist and world traveller before the war, thus overnight became René Monsort, insurance salesman from Arcachon. He lied to live.

While toiling for a German farm family the author was an eyewitness rather than a hero. He made many interesting observations. There was Herr Schnabel, "a brutal, corpulent man with a pointed moustache," Frau Schnabel, "a plump woman with pale complexion and a very full figure: a typical impersonation of Germania," an old, ever complaining grandmother, and the two Schnabel boys, "arrogant and egotistic." There were also Polish "volunteer workers" on this farm, Stasiek and Wanda, two young, good-natured, simple peasant people. And there were the French prison comrades, working on neighboring farms, who were locked up with the author every evening. They were better off than the Polish workers. They were protected by the Geneva Convention which was in general respected by the Germans. The Schnabels were not cruel but arrogant. They were certain they represented the superior race. They and the guards were convinced that America would not enter the world conflict because she had "internal troubles." The process of assimilation of P/W was going rather far—love affairs between them and German women in the village ceased soon to be rare.

Alexander Janta

This reviewer who spent several years in a prisoner-of-war camp during the last war, has always taken a rather personal interest in any analysis of the mind of prisoners-of-war, and their heroic struggle for the preservation of mind and body. He thinks he has read most of the personal stories about life in captivity. He does not remember, however, ever having found a narrative wherein imprisonment was used as a background only for the human drama of a prisoner against his masters personified through a single family. Mr. Janta's is a book on a man in captivity, not on captivity seen by a man. And one finds here all the conflicts of will and desire, environment and character that customarily provide the themes in an autobiography.

Mr. Janta was confined only during the night. During the day he was a slave. True, he was paid for his work, but he was hardly regarded as a human being—which must be a fate worse than constantly living with comrades behind barbed wire. Captivity was more than agony for him. His friend, Leon, losing his self-control, spoke a few words in Polish and was shot by the Germans. Day and night the author was afraid of being discovered. He was haunted by the fear he would speak Polish in his sleep. He thought constantly of death, more than any prisoner-of-war in a camp. "It was a struggle of a man on the edge of a precipice against a force which is dragging him over, with the consciousness that beneath is a bottomless abyss; with his imagination full of madness and destruction." And he finally summed up his fears in a simple and terrifying conclusion: "I was afraid but I was alive. I am afraid —therefore I am."

"I Lied to Live," while unsensational, catches the reader's attention and holds it. It possesses tension, sustained and skilful progress of narrative. It is brilliantly written. But, unfortunately, the story comes to an end very abruptly, with the author still working on the German farm. (He later escapes to England where he joined the Polish Army.) We meet not enough Germans to pass any definite judgment on the character of the German people, as seen by the author. Herr Schnabel might well represent the "typical German farmer in his province" but he does not the "typical German." The full story of the men with whom we shall have to build up a new and better Germany remains to be written.

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Spokesman for the Melvillists

HERMAN MELVILLE. THE TRAGEDY OF MIND. By William Ellery Sedgwick. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1944. 255 *pp.* $2.75.

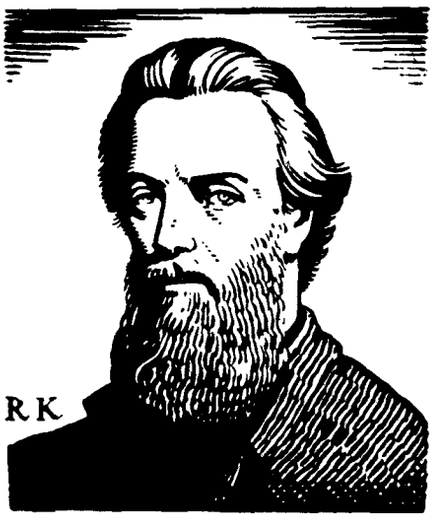
Reviewed by WILLARD THORP

THE author of this admirable commentary died untimely in 1942. He left a testament which will endure, no matter what may be written hereafter about Melville. One thinks, as one reads his book, of the generations of admirers of Melville—they were legion even in the days before the "revival" of his fame in the 1920's—to whom the novels have spoken with an intense and personal directness. In Sedgwick they have at last their spokesman.

The ideas advanced here are, in the main, so closely knit and page after page is so prodigal of new insights, that the reveiwer must content himself with pointing to a few, only, of Sedgwick's leading propositions. Dominating the organization of the book is the idea that Melville's power as a writer proceeds from the fact that nearly everything he wrote was an "act of being." On his deepest creations and most vital symbols, his consciousness (which possessed a masculine force as well as a feminine receptivity) impressed itself, moulding them to its own realization of itself. The dynamic relationship between what he objectively questioned and what he experienced generates the force which gives life to his novels. Moreover, for Melville the implications of his fiction were, in each instance, as broad as they were high, and as concrete as they were abstract. Each of these "acts of being," since it was extended in a world of four dimensions, was rich and universal, as only the greatest art can be.

Many earlier critics have tried to describe the tragic drama which unfolds, act by act, from "Typee" to "Billy Budd," but none has comprehended and set it forth so completely as Sedgwick has done. When Melville wrote "Typee" he was expressing that universal phase of human experience in which life lies along the easy slopes of spontaneous, instinctive being. With "Mardi" begins the "tragedy of mind," for there he first projects in his writing the radical Protestantism under the sway of which the mind strives for the ultimate truth, which is to say that it proposes a noble but impossible ideal for the human nature with which it shares existence. In "Moby Dick" the struggle between the spontaneity of the heart (represented by the land symbols of the novel) and the absolutism of the mind (imaged by the stormy infinitude of the ocean) become titanic. Aheb, rejecting Starbuck's advice, cuts himself off from the common continent of man, though his humanity strives intermittently to free itself from the clutches of his isolating monomania. In "Pierre" idealism has hardened into fanaticism. Ahab listens impatiently to Starbuck; Pierre ignores Lucy from whom he might have learned that spiritual submission which accepts human actualities.

From this point Sedgwick's thesis is almost wholly new. After the débâcle of "Pierre," he believes, Melville desperately needed a new vision. In the poetry he wrote during the "silent years" he achieved a new apprehension of reality, expressed in a form he had not used before. His venture into poetry is therefore of tremendous significance for the critic. In "Clarel" Melville no longer apprehends truth as lying somewhere "over the future's trembling rim" but as lying within the body of creation. Not by cutting one's self free from the common environment, as did Taji, Ahab, and Pierre, does one get a view of truth. In "Clarel" then, Melville recants his radical Protestantism and abandons his Promethean role. He abdicates his independence that he may be incorporated into the mystical body of humanity.



—Woodcut by Rockwell Kent
Herman Melville

The new vision achieved during the lonesome years after the Civil War, which externalized for Melville the terrible self-conflict which had mocked him as he wrote "Pierre," he embodied finally and perfectly in "Billy Budd." The long agony ends with affirmation: "because a man acts under a wordly necessity, he does not therefore debase his humanity." Purgation is achieved by reaching beyond the human lot of suffering to discover the "mysterious reserves of life which go a long way to mitigate the tragedy which is inseparable from human consciousness."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME POETIC MISQUOTATIONS

Just for a change we have this week some intentional misquotations. Can you spot the errors in the fifteen familiar passages given below? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 63 or 70 is very good, better than that is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. Oh, to be in England now that April's here! BROWNING.
2. On with the dance! let joy be unrefined! BYRON.
3. Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink. COLERIDGE.
4. Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. CONGREVE.
5. None but the bold deserves the fair. DRYDEN.
6. Ah, make the best of what we yet may spend
   Before we too into the Dust descend. FITZGERALD.
7. A policeman's life is not a happy one. GILBERT.
8. Hope from his lips prevailed with double sway. GOLDSMITH.
9. Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
   They kept the even tenor of their way. GRAY.
10. Under the bludgeonings of fate
    My head is bloody, but unbowed. HENLEY.
11. A sense of beauty is a joy forever. KEATS.
12. They also serve who only sit and wait. MILTON.
13. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. POPE.
14. And may there be no moaning at the bar
    When I put out to sea. TENNYSON.
15. She was a Phantom of delight
    When first she burst upon my sight. WORDSWORTH.

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Evolution of a Leader

WILLIAM THE SILENT. By C. V. Wedgwood. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1944. 256 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

WILLIAM of Orange was once called "the wisest, gentlest and bravest man who ever led a nation." This may or may not be so; superlatives mean little in history. But in one respect he appears indeed as second to none: no single personage of early modern history represents as well as he does the best moral heritage of the Middle Ages and at the same time the thought of times which followed his own. In fact, William's life seems to have been determined by the same forces which molded the vicissitudes of European history in the three centuries after his death: the fight for religious freedom, the idea of national independence, and the rise of the burgher as a political factor. It has always been tempting to go so far as to link William's name, so widely beloved in his day and after, to the very origins of these forces.

Miss Wedgwood, that remarkable young Englishwoman whose history of the Thirty Years' War, published some years ago, was so enthusiastically praised, in the present volume restores William the Silent to his right and rightful proportions. And though he may lose in her treatment some of the popular heroism of the William saga, he gains in human quality and in such greatness as lends exemplary significance to a man's life.

It was—so Miss Wedgwood shows—by no means reforming fervor or religious rapture which made William the champion of the Reformed Church. His Lutheran father, the Count of Nassau-Dillenburg, worried little about the Catholic doctrines his boy would be exposed to when, upon his ascendency to the title and wealth of a Prince of Orange (brought about by a cousin's will and Charles V's consent), the youngster joined the entourage of the emperor, and thus exchanged the sober and frugal ways of his parents' minute principality for the splendor of the most powerful court Europe had yet seen. A similar religious unconcern was not to leave William himself until the last years of his life. There remained an aristocratic high-handedness in his relations to spiritual affairs which belongs to the medieval world of princes—and there is, on the other hand, something of the pragmatism of a later age in his conduct (as, for instance, evinced by the contradictory assurances he made in religious matters before his marriage to Anna of Saxony). William's decision, after two costly failures, to join the rebellion of the northern provinces—one of the decisive moments of his career—was not caused by any innate sympathy with the Calvinist faith, which was the driving power of this revolt; he merely realized that the Calvinist stronghold up north was the given advance-guard, a base from which "he sought to bring once more into being the free, united Netherlands."

He did not, in the end, succeed in again uniting the Netherlands as he had known them (and as roughly corresponded to what is Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg today). But he restored "the self-respect and freedom of a people borne down by apparently inescapable doom." The political liberty of the Lowlands had been lost in the maze of those Hapsburg marriages which for so long were the marvel of European diplomacy. When Charles V split his realm, the Netherlands became an outpost of Spanish inperialism. But it was not any preconceived theory of national, or civic, freedom that started the struggle against Spain; it was simply a fight for survival—a fight for the preservation of the very peculiar Netherlands way of life which had developed around the middle of the sixteenth century, and was clearly differentiated from both the neighboring German feudalism and the knight-errant policies of the well-armed upstarts who passed for nobility in Spain.

For upstarts they were to Burgundian noblemen, to those Knights of the age-old Order of the Golden Fleece who were bound by oath "to speak freely." Weak as the resistance of these proud aristocrats was, it was theirs in the beginning, not the burghers'—who, even in the face of mounting infringements upon their privileges, still "regarded themselves from every point of view as the first nation of Europe" and had nothing but contempt for the poor use the Spanish monarchy made of its new riches overseas. One of the finest things in this work is the account of how that antipathy toward Spain, while centering around the nobility, grew to a constitutional conflict, and from a constitutional conflict broadened to the great fight of and for the common man. William himself only slowly grasped the issue at stake; he was of moderate disposition, and it took him years to depart from his traditional concept of the allegiance due to the legitimate sovereign. Yet in his vision he was, though foreign-born, far ahead of such native *seigneurs* as Count Egmont who died at the hand of Alva's henchmen "as he had lived, grandly, bravely, with the high dignity of his race and breeding, but without understanding what it all was about." William's foresight rather than any genuine lack of class-consciousness put him at the helm of the sturdy Flemish middleclass whose tenacity was to keep up the fight. But in the end, and although he had often to check their emotions, he came to love these merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and laborers whose uncouth physique we still behold in the paintings of Breughel.

—*Woodcut from the Fioretti by Saint Francis of Assissi.*

This evolution from a light-hearted courtier to the hardworking leader of an advanced people is the actual theme of Miss Wedgwood's superb biography. With all the *dolce novella* of the born narrator she tells the story of William of Nassau who by the grace of Charles V became Prince of Orange and "Monseigneur," and by the grace of Philip II Stadtholder of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht, and who, no matter how incomplete his final achievements were and how accidental his affiliations with spiritual values, by the grace of God learned to comprehend and embrace the cause of liberty of conscience. "He respected in all men what he wished to have respected in himself, the right to an opinion."

Miss Wedgwood has given to her hero not only true and well-proportioned stature, but also—and this is essential—natural growth; she has really replanted a man in the soil of his times. From William's modest birth in the woodlands of Dillenburg castle to the drama of his premature death at a hired assassin's hand,

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the reader is made witness to a life, not merely "set against the background of the age," but within the life-stream of a crowded world. There are William's first antagonists, the Cardinal Granvelle and the half-hearted, fickle Governess, there are the frightful Alva and the none-too-bright Don Juan of Austria, there are the incredible Requesens, Alva's successor, and the treacherous Duke of Anjou. And there are William's four wives (of whom he buried two and divorced one) and the throngs of friends and quasi-friends in all strata of the multicolored, chaotic Netherlands society. They all are given a valid profile by this author, are presented as what they were, independent of their relationships to William, and yet, through their actions and words, throw into high relief his central figure.

And there are his enemies, his friends—in the rare days of success—his fellow-travellers, scattered all over Europe. For the reader finds himself on every other page of this volume at the crossroads of Elizabeth's England, of Philip's Spain, of the Queen-Mother's France, and of a Germany already destined for disaster. Perhaps Miss Wedgwood does not do full justice to Philip himself; he seems to have been greater than his policies. But her method does not embrace reading the mind of historical personages. Nor does she "enliven" her narrative with invented dialogues or labored parallels with our own day. She adheres strictly to impeccable source material.

Yet her book makes fascinating reading. It should be engrossing as a mere story to those who have never so much as heard the name of William of Orange. And it will be rewarding reading for those who have more or less accepted William's picture as handed down in popular oversimplification. It is, moreover, the finest contribution yet made by a modern historian to the current discussion of the role of the "hero" in history.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 558)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *JOHN BROWN* (SALEM SPEECH: JAN. 6, 1860)

The sentiment of mercy is the natural recoil which the laws of the universe provide to protect mankind from destruction by savage passions. . . . For the arch-abolitionist, older than John Brown . . . is Love, whose other name is Justice.

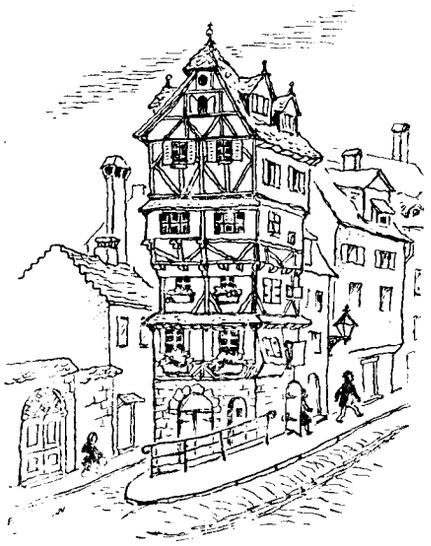
Immortal Heine

GERMANY, A WINTER'S TALE. By Heinrich Heine. English version by Herman Salinger. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1944. 156 *pp.* $3.50

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

ONE hundred years ago, towards the end of 1844, Heinrich Heine—at that time already a world famous literary figure, an exile of long standing, and Germany's best loved and most hated poet—opened the first printed copy of a new work, "Germany, A Winter's Tale," which he himself, in a letter accompanying the manuscript had described to his Hamburg publisher, Campe, as follows: "You know, I am not boasting, but I am certain this time that I have produced a little work that will make a greater furore than the most popular pamphlet and that will nevertheless have the permanent value of a classic piece of literature."

The little work did indeed make a tremendous "furore" right after its arrival at Hamburg in manuscript-form. To get it through the purgatory of the censorship required weeks and months. The infamous edict of Metternich's *Bundestag* (Diet of German Princes) banning not only the written but also still unwritten works of the writers of the so-called Young Germany Movement, with Heinrich Heine at the top of the list, was still in full force, and the Republic of Hamburg took all possible pains to protect anyone of the thirty-six German princes against injury from the pointed stanzas of a poet whose head, according to his own confession, was "a twittering nest of confiscable books." Thus the manuscript had to be "handed over to the supervisory authorities for especially careful treatment," resulting, in the end, in the elimination of about a dozen stanzas, and in numerous "new variants and purifications." Even so, "Germany, A Winter's Tale" aroused the white-hot fury of both the reactionary German governments and the seemingly radical German nationalists. The Prussian government felt especially hurt. It took diplomatic steps to have the Hamburg authorities prohibit Heine's new work immediately after publication, and it renewed, in December, 1844, an old order to arrest the author should he ever dare to set foot on Prussian soil. Still, it took a historical development of one hundred years, culminating in the rise to power of an outright criminal and barbarian regime, to have Heine's works removed from every library in Germany and publicly burned, to have his monuments destroyed and his grave soiled with government approval—a development which, by the way, had been prophetically foreseen by Heine already ten years prior to the publication of his "A Winter's Tale."



In his "Religion and Philosophy in Germany" he wrote:

> . . . then there will awaken that fighting folly that we find among the ancient Germans. . . . Christianity has—and that is its fairest merit—somewhat mitigated that brutal German lust for battle. But it could not destroy it; and once the taming talisman, the Cross, is broken, the savagery of the old battlers will flare up again, the insane Berserk rage of which Nordic bards have so much to say and sing. That talisman is brittle. The day will come when it will pitiably collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from forgotten rubble and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and Thor will leap up and with his giant hammer start smashing Gothic cathedrals.

"Germany, A Winter's Tale" is the poetical report of a journey Heine undertook, in the fall of 1843, from Paris to Hamburg. It was his first journey to Germany after thirteen years of a half voluntary and half forced exile. The black period of the *Vormaerz,* with its monstrous preservation of feudal anachronisms, had its Indian summer days. In Silesia, the starving weavers, on the eve of their unhappy insurrection, were already "weaving Old Germany's shroud, weaving in it a triple damnation." In Vienna, Metternich feverishly recruited more spies and police agents than ever before. In Northern Germany, the Prussian Customs Confederation foreshadowed the Prussianization of the whole nation. On his journey through Germany, Heine recognized clearly what he had already felt and hinted at in former years—that the only way for Germany to catch up with the modern European nations was to free itself through a democratic revolution from the over-

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lordship of thirty-six princely houses with their followership of Junkers and martinets. In his political romantic travel poem, Heinrich Heine wanted to mirror both the distorted face of Old Germany, that "disgusting mixture of Gothic mania and modern lying," and the features of a new free Germany:

A different song, a better song
I'd write: one baked with leaven!
Oh let us here on our good earth
Set up the kingdom of heaven.

He has admirably accomplished both tasks. Reading "A Winter's Tale" today, a full century after it has been written, we are still enchanted by the lusty clatter of "future's happy cavalry" resounding in those sweet and witty verses, and we relish every trait of the portrait his ironic hand drew of the Prussian military:

Still the same wooden, pedantic folk,
Still every move a complete
Right angle and still in every face
The hard, frozen-in conceit.

And still they stalk as stiffly about
As pokers: straight and slick,
As though, once beaten well with it,
They'd ended by swallowing the stick.

This new American edition of "Germany, A Winter's Tale" bears all the marks of loving care and expert work in every respect. It is a typographical gem (an ideal Christmas present). The Introduction by Herman Kesten proves once more that this fine modern German stylist has inherited many a trait of Heine's witty and melancholy irony. The numerous notes —indispensable for the full understanding of the allusions to personalities and events of 1844—are accurate and to the point. There is only one little remark to which, in my opinion, Heine himself would take some exception. In a truly Heinesque love for antithesis, Mr. Kesten writes that Heine "stood under a double pressure . . . from the right, he was restricted by the all-devouring censorship of the reactionary governments, churches, newspapers, and publishers anxious for profits and readers. From the left, came the heavy psychological pressure of the members of radical and revolutionary parties, in whose eyes Heine was never radical and revolutionary enough." Quite apart from the fact that even the most violent pressure from the left (for instance from Boerne) was sporadic and very much out of proportion to the massive and unrelenting attack from the right, all the letters and biographical documents pertaining to the decade in which "A Winter's Tale" was written seem to prove beyond doubt that Heine at that time eagerly sought the spiritual and political contact with the men and ideas of the left—of which there is ample proof in the verses of the "different and better song" in chapter one of this poem.

Mr. Salinger's translation is, on the whole, excellent. It conveys, also in the costume of a foreign language, the tears and laughter, the wit and the pathos, and the melodious magic of Heine's poetry. Only a few times does the eye stumble over a verse whose immaculate cadence in the original still rings in memory, as for instance in that stanza about the new Prussian helmet:

And yet: the thought that clouds might gather
Above that spike is frightening.
It might draw down on romantic heads
The *Blitz* of most modern lightening!

Nur fürcht' ich, wenn ein Gewitter entsteht,
Zieht leicht so eine Spitze
Herab auf euer romantisches Haupt
Des Himmels modernste Blitze!

Mr. Salinger prepared the entire English version while on service with the United States Army Air Corps, a fact which adds to our respect for his fine achievement. The one-volume Insel edition was the only one available to him. That explains sufficiently the omission of a few stanzas—especially those about the "Prussian eagle that ugly black winged toad"—which fell victim to the censorship in 1844 and were exiled into the appendices of the scientific complete editions even in the time of the Weimar Republic. Perhaps Mr. Salinger will have an opportunity to add these verses to a second edition of his truly distinguished English version of Heine's immortal Winter's Tale.

Putting the Molecule to Work

YOUR SERVANT THE MOLECULE. By Walter Landis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 233 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

SINCE Pearl Harbor at least a score of popular books on chemistry and the part that chemistry has played in industry in war and in life has appeared. The late Walter Landis, a brilliant executive and chemist long associated with the American Cyanamid Company, one of our largest chemical corporations, found them unsatisfactory. They devoted too much space to many compounds, in his opinion, and they afford little help in interpreting these compounds in terms of daily use. As for the advanced texts they were beyond the grasp of the ordinary reader. Accordingly Mr. Landis sat down and wrote the recent book for us.

Though Mr. Landis has not departed nearly so far from the best popular books on chemistry, as he supposed, he certainly gives the banker, the business man, and the householder a better idea of what goes on in vats, tanks, towers, and test tubes than his predecessors in the popularization of chemistry have given. The ground covered is necessarily much the same. It is the approach that is somewhat different. Pulp, soap, gasoline, synthetic rubber, plastics, synthetic resins, explosives, drugs do not make themselves. Nor are they made by throwing some nationals indiscriminately together and applying heat and pressure. All are composed of molecules, and molecules, even though they cannot be seen individually, are now designed just as if they were buildings. A pile of bricks may be used to erect a stable or a church. The design determines the structure, and the structure determines the function of the building. So it is with molecules. Two molecules may be composed of exactly the same atoms yet differ in properties, and they differ because the structure of their molecules is different.

To explain all this, chemical diagrams and formulas are required. Mr. Landis unhesitatingly uses them. But, knowing the limitations of most readers, he has incorporated his diagrams and formulas in such a way that they can be skipped, and the reader will still manage to absorb essential information. Yet even if this is done the ordinary reader will not be able to make much out of the information that "the production of nylon consists in combining the adipic acid and the diamine to an ester," which combination "is then polymerized into the long-chain structure by heating to a high temperature under an atmosphere of nitrogen." Like other popularizers with good intentions Mr. Landis has encountered a stone wall of technical ignorance—a reflection on our high schools and colleges rather than on him.

An intelligent reader who has had a college course in chemistry and who has not forgotten all that he learned from Professor So and So will find this book far more informative than the usual pap on chemistry. This is about the best attempt which has come to the notice of this reviewer to drive home the story of reactions in the very difficult province of organic chemistry.

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Mystic-Minded Genius

PRODIGAL GENIUS: The Life of Nikola Tesla. By John J. O'Neill. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1944. 322 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by DAVID WOODBURY

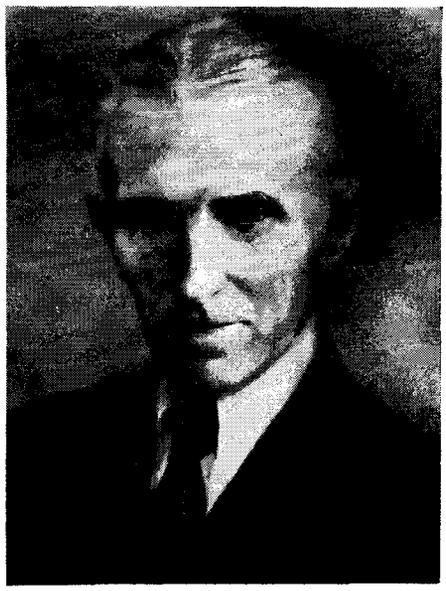
PRODIGAL, perhaps; a genius certainly, was this mystic-minded Slav immigrant who apprenticed himself to Thomas Edison in 1884 and soon made vital contributions to the electrical art. But we must be mature of mind in evaluating this affectionate biography of O'Neill's, remembering that he knew Tesla so well that he risked being myopic about him. Early in the book he calls him a superman, perhaps not realizing how slippery that compliment is. For the Superman of newspaper fiction is a magician who stops at no natural law, while the true scientific genius is the disciplined thinker, daring yet wholly humble. Tesla could not be both; it is not clear which his biographer thought he was.

Tesla was no paradox in his younger days. His enduring contribution was an intricately beautiful theory of alternating currents based on sound mathematics and real inventive talent. His polyphase circuits formed a vital building block in electric power engineering—probably the most vital of all. But this block did not support the structure alone, as the inventor later came to believe. The consequent fame and the million-dollar fortune that came with it soon clouded Tesla's judgment and he began to think of himself as the one great genius of the art. And this illusion of grandeur so pleased him that he imagined himself in the role of Jove whenever the lightnings played. Deliberately he sacrificed his sure position in the forefront of every electrical advance to dart forward to publicize objectives not yet reached and battles still unjoined.

O'Neill himself realizes this flaw when he says, "He stands as a synthetic genius, a self-made superman, the greatest invention of the greatest inventor of all times." But he seldom tempers the book-long record of marvellous dreams which seem to him unjustly credited to other men. Nikola Tesla was no more and no less the originator of the world-shaking list of electrical applications than was Roentgen the father of modern X-ray cancer research. Many lifetimes of brilliant work preceded Roentgen's; scores of brave men died after him to give his discovery full application. So, likewise, did many others bridge the long gap between Faraday and Henry and Ampère, and Tesla himself. Nor were his inventions complete without the transformer and the steam turbine, neither of which was of his devising.

To the intelligent observer of the American scene Tesla was less the arch-genius than the symbol of sacrifice on the altar of change. He did his great work just as the age of invention was yielding to the age of engineering. But when the new day came he could not abandon his inventor's pose. He could not realize that the time for great individualists had gone—or at least had shifted from science to politics. When we are told how he saw himself as the perennial pioneer in electric power, lighting, high frequency, radio, and even radar, we are forced to conclude that the man talked of doing more than he did. Nor does it help to learn that if he had been "understood," if he had escaped the octopus arms of industrial greed, he would have been the master-genius of all. Edison, with ten times as many patents (and most of them practical, too), escaped until his life-work was largely done.

Modern scientific progress cannot be the work of any one man, but must stem from skillful teamwork, often stretching back to Archimedes himself. True scientists know this; they are jealous, not of the credit due them, but of their reputation for sharing it with others. Tesla ignored that rule and lost his seat in the councils thereby. Like a great tree left standing gaunt and alone by a forest fire, he was unable to move on with the march of growth and action. He could not climb down from his solitary mountain peak to shoulder his part of the burden as a player on the team. He paid the individualist's penalty in this communal world by feeding the pigeons on Forty-Second Street and ending his life isolated and forgotten in just another room of the New Yorker Hotel.



Nikola Tesla

John O'Neill has beautifully painted that strange and lonely man. And if he has sat too close to him to give the portrait depth and background, it is none the less a fine likeness and perhaps a great picture as well. Great, at least, when hung in the larger gallery of world leaders and events and viewed by people who understand that paint is paint and canvas canvas, and that no man alone can be God.

Library Blues

By Irwin Edman

SHALL I then write another book,
And will it here, too, find a nook?
With Dewey decimal number, letter,
Or other marking, clearer, better.
Posterity upon these shelves
May light—who knows?—on it themselves,
Look at the book, glance at the name,
Replace it idly whence it came,
And wonder how in peace or wars
Their ancestors could be such bores.

Posterity will not, Lord blight 'em,
Make *my* book a Collector's Item.
They'll never keep a book by me,
Securely under lock and key,
Nor grant it the divine election
Of space in the Rare Book Collection.
If I should come back decades late
To seek my book and know its fate,
I'd find it (and not be amused),
Stored with the volumes Not Much Used.

I note therefore my zest diminished
Now for the book I have not finished.
Here at my feet, above my head,
Are all these books already dead.
My zeal for making books is nipped,
Perhaps I'll burn my manuscript.
Surely there's nothing in itself
So fine in being on a shelf.
Though cards may print one's name in red,
One's book may die before one's dead.

Renouncing paper, then, and ink,
I'll quit the muse and take to drink,
Say, "Farewell Fame, Capricious Star!"
And hail oblivion in a bar.

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Strictly Personal

"DON'T SHOOT THE CIVILIAN!"

THE other day I had the privilege of giving a talk before several hundred men who are soon to be released from a great naval hospital. The subject of my talk was, "Don't Shoot the Civilian—Some of Them Are Doing Their Best." It was inspired by the famous sign observed in a Nevada saloon, "Don't Shoot the Piano Player—He's Doing His Best."

There was nothing artificial or complicated about the reaction to that title. The men smiled, they laughed, they whistled, they shouted. Perhaps no one there had actually picked out his civilian victim but the idea was not unattractive.

Now, I do not wish to be an alarmist or suggest that all veterans will be in that bitter state. Many of them will simply walk back into society as if they had never been away; but those who are unchanged by the war, are not the subject of our discussion. As for the others, tens of thousands of others, their attitudes toward the civilian run a wide gamut, from indifference, through suspicion, to fear, contempt, and hatred.

Both personal experiences and numerous books and articles on how to meet the veterans indicate the two extremes for us to avoid. First, the heights of omniscience. We do not know and can never know how they feel because we can never know what they went through. And condescending assurance, any intimation of an all-too-easy solution will simply widen the gap. On the other hand, we do not improve matters by wallowing in the depths of self-depreciation and justifying the mere fact that we are alive. After all, somebody has to stay at home, as an amusing short story in the *New Yorker* pointed out recently —and not only those in their infancy or their dotage. Our problem is to talk not down nor up to the veteran but directly across to him. And he is well aware when that is happening. Make no mistake about that.

What will he encounter when he walks into a public forum or joins a discussion group? A head-on collision between two violent speakers? An audience split between the affirmative and negative of some spectacular question? Of course, there are such questions and there can be great value in a "Lincoln-Douglas" debate. But there is a tendency today to jazz-up forum topics, to manufacture bombastic alternatives which excite the audience but actually distort the whole picture. They are phrased to imply that the evidence on each side is equally weighty when that is not at all the case. If the colliding speakers cannot reach a common ground, why should the modest citizen be expected to? How can the puzzled, nervous veteran be enlightened by such an artificial melodrama? In preparing programs, let us keep our eye on the subject matter as well as on the turnstiles or the box office. The atmosphere is going to be sufficiently tense, bitter, and confused without educators making it worse.

As to the discussion period after the main presentation. Time permitting—and time nearly always permits —members of the audience should not be limited to questions. It is often difficult, or impossible to present a penetrating question, without some explanation. Anyone who has taught for six months knows that the best students ask the best questions, but often they have trouble in phrasing them. Of course, a superficially bright little fellow can always come up with a simple, clear question to the delight of a timid chairman: When was the War of 1812? Or, Is Sex Necessary?

My point is that in adult discussions a brutal line should not be drawn between a speech and a question. Adults should not be treated like children—especially as a member of the audience will often know more about some phase of a topic than the speaker for the occasion.

But once quelled or humiliated in public, he will not want to participate again.

All this applies doubly to the returned veteran who turns up in public forums. He may want to listen only, to "catch up," as it were, with what is going on. But after taking orders for so long, he may be eager to sound off, to inform as well as to question—to tell of his experiences, even though it is not quite relevant to the topic of the forum. And he should be given the opportunity, to the benefit of the audience as well as to himself. If the veterans do not receive what we might call "the freedom of the floor," some of them will demand what the Nazis once euphemistically called "the freedom of the streets."

IN his fine book on the American character, D. W. Brogan, the English writer, says: "These are the times that try men's powers of sympathetic imagination, of mutual understanding, for without them there will be no enduring structure of peace and order built." Consequently, adult education must go further and further behind the headlines, beyond vocational and technical courses alike, to the oases of the spirit. The infinite resources of art, poetry, history, and philosophy must be tapped not with the dull hand of the narrowly practical but with the profound conviction that men are bound together more by ideas and emotions than by machines or vitamins. This is no argument for the ivory tower, for esthetic escape, but for the belief that all adults, and especially our scarred veterans, are entitled to the whole of man's rich heritage.

In this connection, the educator may try to show, humbly and most delicately, that off the battlefield there is a terrible need for courage, "that lonely kind of courage, civic courage," in the words of William James, which can preserve a country in the inevitable period of disillusionment after a great war. How this can be done without condescension or an invidious comparison between an attack on the Siegfriend Line and the elimination of enormous social abuses, I do not know, but the attempt must be made. Here is part of a letter from the dying Woodrow Wilson:

> My dear Comrade, I beg you to believe—not that it would have been better to give up your life in France—but (that) it is harder and therefore more creditable to fight for ideals to which we are pledged in these perplexing times of peace than it would have been to fight for them in the trenches; and the fight is perhaps more necessary for

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the country and the world than it was then. You and the comrades whom you describe are the very men who will be in the most advantageous position to carry on this fight. We must vow eternal allegiance to each other and to the cause which made us comrades and must see to it that the ultimate victory is unsullied and complete.

It is often said that an educated person knows a little and knows where to find the rest. And because he knows so little or has said so little, I think it is wise for a speaker to give his hearers some solid references to which they may go at their leisure. There are certainly two "must" books on the subject of the returning veteran, not to mention many excellent pamphlets. Most important of all are "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" by Dixon Wecter and "The Veteran Comes Back" by Willard Waller. Mr. Wecter writes:

> The average veteran, friendly, hearty, and something of a "joiner," is peculiarly susceptible to manipulation by the unscrupulous. This has been proved time and again. Moreover, his impulse to uphold sentiments, prejudices, causes for which he marched—still fighting the war in veterans' clubs and caucuses, harking back to the days when his emotions were stirred—makes him look like a jingo or a reactionary, waving the Bloody Shirt or cherishing the Lost Cause, suspicious of free speech and of labor which is readily linked in his mind with the stay-at-homes. "Vote as you shot," becomes his slogan. By and large he is a very sincere patriot and honest man; all that he needs is wise guidance, protection from interests with an axe to grind.

Mr. Waller, in the second "must" book, "The Veteran Comes Back," also shows at length why the "veterans are highly organizable" and goes on to say:

> For these reasons the veteran is the ready tool of the demagogue who talks against talk and promises direct action. Often these demagogues who lead veterans are exceedingly cynical men to whom pity and humanity are abhorrent. Spendius, Matho, Catiline, Röhn, Göring, Hitler, Mussolini—there is no accident in the fact that these men have been the leaders of veterans.

Of course, the people who take advantage of the ignorance and the temporary maladjustment of the veteran for their own vicious ends will sink to the gutter of moral degradation—but there are such people in America, and they can only be countered by civic leaders and educators of courage and integrity.

HOUSTON PETERSON.

Picture Books for Christmas

THE BETTER TAYLORS. An Album of Cartoons by Richard Taylor. New York: Random House. 1944. 110 *pp.* $2.50.

IS IT ANYONE WE KNOW? A Murray Hill Omnibus by George Price. New York: Murray Hill Books of Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 190 *pp.* $2.49.

MAN IN THE SHOWER. Bq Peter Arno. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 120 *pp.* $2.50.

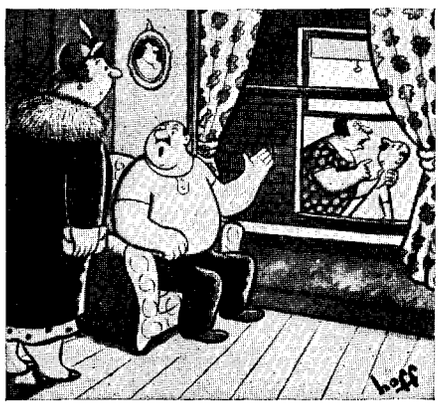
FEELING NO PAIN. An Album of Cartoons by Sidney Hoff. New York: Dial Press. 1944. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

SMALL FRY. By William Steig. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I AM a collector of the draughtsmen of our time. Absent here is the great Charles Addams, the superb Jim Thurber. But here are the shining lights of the *New Yorker,* maugre Helen Hokinson and some other greatly gifted ladies. If you do not love the heavy eyelids of the Taylor male and female; the fluid and amazing line of Price, and pearls of same; Arno always abreast of the times with his inimitable shoehorn technique; Hoff feeling no pain; Steig giving his youngsters the leer of future neuroses; then indeed you have not lived, or you have lived in vain. "You'll be surprised the kind of service we give you at Wyvern Manor," says Taylor, the only draughtsman to come within hail of the great Addams for pure horror. "Are you still skeptical?" Then look at the picture with that caption. And note the lady covered with sand who spoke to the officer about the no-gentleman who was making tunnels. "Art is one thing, dear—life another." So say we all!

A simple thing that lightly draws its breath, but to which we return much as we revisit Yarrow, is the uncaptioned drawing of the man in the truck with the tree in a bag and the squirrel looking out of its knothole. One can brood upon it for hours.



—From "Feeling No Pain," by Hoff.

"The drama of life is under our nose, *but* you *have* to go to the movies."

Price's title picture is of the same ilk, if you know what an ilk is. Price fills out his book with sketches to show he is a real artist (whatever the distinction is.) There is a good one of buttocks. But Price invented the famous reclining man between floor and ceiling. How could that be surpassed? Remember that raffle we thought was for the turkey? Well, see what he brought home! Then there are grandma's memories as she sits in her rocker. That's life. If you like the patter of tiny feet, why not a penguin? "So that's where the door is?" Price is beyond it.

How Arno loves budding womanhood, and how attractive he makes it! But I don't know what there is about the dowager in "Thanks, no. I've had *more* than enough," that makes me desert more absorbing shapes for her. What a pal she could be, even though the contingent from Down Town do not of her approve! Again the title picture of the man in the shower is actually one of the best, a masterpiece of art. The most startling, of course, is "Have you tried an occulist?" Poor Parker! He might at least have said "Ahem"! So much for Arno.

"Look, Mrs. Moskowitz—Groton!" Oh, I see it's Hoff! Blob noses, dragoon mustaches, men in undershirts, "Good morning, Mr. Kessler!" But there are two night-pieces that are very beautifully done, "She didn't know what she was saying, Mr. Kalish. Please believe me," and "I *had* to see you, Molly." Perhaps the latter is the greatest. It says the final word concerning calf love.

William Steig, you know, is a psychiatrist. Do you know "About People" and "The Lonely Ones"? You should. His small fry show us somewhat why we get that way. The influence of modern warfare is deeply felt in the present book, though there's still sandlot baseball. Then there is the fearsome picture, "Maybe we ought to change his analyst." Modern childhood sure nuff. For fathers, the lesson of "You just can't see the child happy, can you!" How memory cuts to the bone!

Get all these picture books for your Christmas, read them in the litter of wrappings and ribbon, too much candy, too much food, and too much noise. Open the window of the hot room, and jump right out. Your children will thank you for leaving them these books, amusing and amazing.

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The Saturday Review
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THE ANTHOLOGICAL MAN

WE live in the age of the anthology, though the Bible is an anthology and the earliest collection of the epics of the man, or the several men, to whom the name of Homer has been given, was an anthology in every sense of the word. But today the tide of anthologies is rising to include all branches of literature, the arts, sciences, religion, education. No sooner does a man write six novels than a collection is published containing three of them. The poet who has presented two slim volumes of verse to even slimmer audiences finds himself hunted down by the anthologist and for a small fee, divided with his publisher, is proud to find his name in the latest collection of modern poetry, where at least he may find the readers that his own books were denied. The young short story writer who has a bitter struggle to get his works printed at all today, may find a career and a good living after the *Partisan Review, Story Magazine,* or *The Southwest Review* prints his first published story.

The death of so many "culture" magazines over the last two decades has left a gap that the anthologist is filling. Editors of the limited number of magazines that can support a writer who may want to live like other men, watch the yearly short story collections like hawks, as do the literary agents and the book publishers. It is not uncommon for a writer who has been starving in his own or someone else's garret to find himself equipped with an agent, an offer from a publisher and a wooing letter from a magazine a week after "Finest Stories of the Year" has appeared. If no cash has crossed over the counter, as yet, at least hope has entered his dingy dwelling.

But the fiction writer who wants for his short stories the prestige conferred by an anthology had better make them short. One of the reasons why certain short stories, for example "A Rose for Emily," by William Faulkner, are repeated in one collection after the other, is a magnificent brevity. The anthologist has decided on twenty-five stories and he has a certain number of pages to wedge them into. A thirty-page narrative must be regarded with suspicion, no matter how fine it may be; but his eye will light up like a neon sign when he spots one that can happily fit into eight.

Among anthologies the established yearly collections of fiction deserve the highest praise. For no great reward the editors have to comb over an enormous number of printed stories, perhaps fifty thousand or more, and maintain their reason and a balanced judgment. Their prefaces and bibliographies of new writers are constructive and useful. Other fiction anthologists are apt to borrow from the hard work of these editors so that their books are only too easily created and lack, too often, any biographical or factual material at all.

Other collections have been gathered simply by asking authors to select the stories they would like to have reprinted. Twenty-one letters to twenty-one popular writers and the job is done! A paper bound edition soon appears on the newsstands that may sell half a million copies. It is this kind of anthology, created without apparent labor or thought to which Damon Runyon referred in a recent syndicated column the other day when he said, not without irony, "I'm far from viewing these compilers as highjackers of thought, I consider them most enterprising in that they have figured out a way of developing revenue without great mental or physical effort, which is something I always admire or envy. I do not think that they are literary macquereau at all, but just good hustlers."

Mr. Runyon believes that certain aspects of the book publishing business have become "rackets." With some exceptions, the anthology is not a racket. It has become a necessity to the man or woman who wants to know something of the best literature that has been produced, or that is being written today. The editor of the anthology provides this ready-made culture so that if a man wants to find out what the scientists, the philosophers, the playwrights, the ministers, or the journalists are doing, he can call for an anthology and find some satisfaction for his curiosity. If he wants to read more deeply, it should be the editor's function to direct him to the right sources, though too often he has failed to do so.

Most people today have space in their living quarters for only a few books and lack the time to dig books out of public libraries or the money to buy them if they are still in print. Due to paper restrictions during the war, many valuable and fairly recent books are out of stock. They are casualties of the war for the publisher may wish to use most of his paper quota on new books. The anthology, to some extent, remedies this, though it may provide only a single drink rather than a whole bottle.

Education via the textbook is slowly edging toward the anthology. In fact, the anthological student is already here. A whole semester of study can be crammed into one book, with supplementary reading in the college or high school library. Here is efficiency and economy at the same time, though it has something of the smell of the factory and the conveyor belt about it.

At any rate, war or no war, the anthology, drawn from every subject conceivable, is here to stay. It is a part of the extension of culture to the masses along with the book clubs and the anthology magazines. The gentleman sitting before the fire in his library is vanishing into the dim past and in his place is the family in the living room, with a bookshelf on which rests sixteen anthologies, six modern novels, two detective stories, and a few children's books, which have not as yet, thank heaven, created the "anthological child." H. S.

On Southern Station

By John Schaffner

PAST the pale small stars, to the north
we see the shadow fly.
Like a moth, like a rigid bird
the plane cuts the southern sky
bisecting the heavenly arc.

Then the eastbound plane in flight
at a right angle makes into the dark
and lays an invisible cross on the night
star-flowered and blue.

Here also our crossroads are
where the heart's way—northward to you—
is crossed by the dark path of war.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letter from the Editors

TO THE READER:

This is perhaps the most appropriate place in the magazine for a letter to the readers. It is a request, frankly, for advice on a problem which has become increasingly severe in recent months.

The last three years represent *The Saturday Review's* greatest growth. Physically, however, the magazine has been limited severely by paper rationing. Four years ago the magazine devoted five pages (exclusive of Double-Crostics) to departments; today, between ten and eleven pages are required each week for *SRL's* continuing features. Every effort, too, has been made to increase the number of books reviewed; but each week we observe with horror the bulging proportions of overset copy which cannot possibly find its way into the magazine. We have been forced to defer, moreover, an important and long-overdue improvement—better and heavier paper stock for the cover.

The problem: How to cram more reviews into each issue?

A plan that we ourselves favor would make some additional space available through the following changes:

(1) Abandon the regular 8 pt. on 10 pt. type for 8 pt. on 9 pt. type. (This page is set in 8 pt. on 9 pt. in contrast to the material in the rest of the magazine, which is 8 pt. on 10 pt.) This would give us ten more lines per column or approximately 750 more lines per issue.

(2) We believe that ten per cent additional space may be gained by publishing all the non-fiction books under a general non-fiction heading and all the fiction books under a general fiction heading, with a one-column caption to introduce each book. Photographs of authors would be run in half-column width with the type "running around."

(3) Trade Winds would be pushed forward, appearing in the front advertising pages. Strictly Personal would remain in its present position. Seeing Things, the new department by John Mason Brown, will appear midway between the Letters Page and the back of the magazine. The Phoenix Nest will remain as at present.

Our designer assures us that the magazine will not suffer from all these changes, but that, indeed, it may have a better integration and orderliness. That may or may not be true.

Having been brought up on the theory that abrupt and sweeping changes in magazine or newspaper format have boosted publishing mortality almost as much as any other single factor, and as we would like to stay in business as long as possible, we seek the advice of *SRL* readers. Please tell us what you think in the coupon below.

The Editors.

"I want my son to know the facts of life."

Mr. Waller Protests

SIR: I hereby register my protest against the assignment of my book, "The Veteran Comes Back," to Dixon Wecter for review. I feel that the author of the only competing book, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," who is committed by his book to a point of view opposed to my own, should not have been commissioned to pass judgment on my work. It was also unfortunate that he was not identified in your journal as the author of the competing book. Mr. Wecter's acceptance of such a commission seemed hardly in good taste, and he put himself in an even more questionable position by delaying his review until his own book had at length been published—a matter of several weeks.

I thank you for your kind offer of space in which to answer the review. It seems to me that this would hardly be profitable. I should like to offer instead a comparative analysis of the two books which will bring out their points of agreement and difference. Because of the timeliness of the subject your readers might be interested in such an analysis.

Such a comparison should begin with the statement that the two books are very different in nature, and there is certainly room for both. "The Veteran" is a social psychology of the veteran. "Johnny" is a historical study of veterans in the first few years after three wars. "The Veteran" is analytical and interpretive. "Johnny" is factual. Each book should be useful in its own way.

There is a wide area of agreement between the two books. Almost all of my interpretations can be documented by Wecter's facts, and most of his facts can be explained by my analyses. This agreement is the more remarkable because of great differences in method and point of view.

There is no issue between Mr. Wecter and myself, I take it, as to the existence of a veteran problem. The issue concerns the seriousness of that

---

I approve / disapprove of the proposed changes listed above.

The present proportion of book reviews to articles and features is . . . too small ☐; too great ☐; all right, as is ☐.

I am troubled / untroubled by the present thin cover paper stock.

Departments I like most are.....

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Departments I like least are.....

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Comment.....

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Name (optional): .....

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problem. I believe the veteran problem after this war will be quite serious, and indeed that the future of American democracy depends upon how well we handle it. Mr. Wecter is inclined to minimize the problem.

As usual, in such controversies, the difference may be more apparent than real. I state that the veteran comes back bitter—and with reason—and Wecter presents much evidence which shows that this statement is true. I also state that in the ordinary course of events this bitterness tends to disappear, leaving only certain residues, while Wecter stresses this fact of ultimate recovery somewhat more than I do.

There seems substantial agreement as to facts, but disagreement as to the interpretation to be put upon the facts. It seems to Wecter that I am inclined to martyrize the veteran. Perhaps I am. But Wecter seems to me to display far too much fortitude in bearing the misfortunes of others. Of the Lost Generation in World War I he says, "Those presently disillusioned—the Lost Generation who, like the Lost Battalion, gained their fame as *enfants perdus*—probably had the time of their lives in it." I submit that for sheer callousness, this comment upon a group of men, many of whom were wounded and shell-shocked, is without a parallel in the English language.

Deriving from this difference of opinion concerning the seriousness of the veteran problem are other issues. The first of these concerns the usefulness of veterans' organizations, such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Since I regard the veteran problem seriously, I tend to approve of such organizations because they help to solve the problem and ultimately to turn the veterans' energies into socially useful channels. Though Wecter is not entirely hostile to such organizations, I judge that he takes a different view.

Another derived difference concerns the social program for returning veterans. Feeling that the matter is of the utmost importance, I have devoted a large part of my book to the discussion of ways and means of adjusting the veteran to society. My view is that we should plan to do everything within reason to help the veterans in a post-war world that will be far from perfect. Wecter puts far more emphasis upon making a better world at once, far less upon helping the veteran, who, as he believes, will probably recover anyhow. His view of what should be done for veterans he summarizes in a one sentence formula which seems to me to be both impractical and wanting in humanity.

I refuse to take seriously Mr. Wecter's opposition to my proposal for a center of veterans' research. I feel sure he would not wish to debate that point.

I repeat that there are wide areas of agreement between "The Veteran" and "Johnny," and that because of their different approaches there should be room for both books.

WILLARD WALLER.

New York, N. Y.

"Lust for Life"

SIR: On Monday afternoon on September 25, some 500 of America's leading figures in the arts were gathered at the Associated Artists Galleries. They had come there to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the publication of "Lust for Life," a biographical novel about Vincent Van Gogh, and to present its author—Irving Stone—with a scroll signed by 150 U. S. painters testifying to the influence of this book in stimulating interest in modern art.

On the very same day, *SRL* published George Genzmer's review of Irving Stone's new biographical novel, "Immortal Wife." Curiously, this review in seeking to deny the validity of the biographical novel as a literary form, as a medium of creative expression, degenerated into the denial of the existence of something which already exists. Mr. Genzmer's review, indeed, raises the entire question of the relationship of insight and imagination to historical fact. It would appear hazardous to advance the theory that the reconstruction of a particular epoch in an art, science, or political movement be so strictly compartmentalized as to rule out a blending of the imaginative with the factual. To be sure, it is well within the purview of any critic to comment upon the ability or lack of ability with which an author fulfills his manifest purpose. But to criticize the genre is merely to revive the eighteenth century idea of the critic's function, namely, that he should lay down the tenets of art rather than criticize the content of the particular form on its own merits. It occurs to me that "War and Peace," in depicting Napoleon and the Czar, only serves to illustrate what can be achieved by the interplay of accurate history and creative imagination.

It, therefore, would seem peculiarly narrow and parochial for any modern critic to refuse to be a liaison agent between a book and the reading public once that book is alive. If he excludes the consideration of any one form from the range of his own analysis, he helps to abort the free continuing creative development of the new ever-emerging from the old. To fall into this error is to negate the critic's high calling to be the re-creator even as he seeks to weigh and to measure that which has been created.

HERBERT HARRIS.

New York, N. Y.

In Defense of Santayana

SIR: In defense of Mr. Santayana—a crotchety old gentlemen of eighty—he probably took a personal dislike to Mr. Matthews and issued a statement that bears little likeness to his true views. His is the irritating habit—not limited to foreign correspondents or professional philosophers—of expressing more extreme opinions than he actually holds merely to exasperate a less wily opponent in argument.

One other correspondent—Daniel Lang, writing in *The New Yorker* for June 24—obtained a far different impression of the philosopher only a few days later.

You may choose to accept Mr. Matthews's report and regard Santayana as a wicked and cynical old man. Even so, his remarkable genius may still discover new truths whose pleasures will excuse his political obtuseness. After all, it is hard to break grown-ups of bad habits.

I say, let's hear him out. I am happy to be fighting in a cause that will encourage this.

(CPL.) RICHARD STONE.

Lakeland, Fla.

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Frontier Folklorist

WALKIN' PREACHER OF THE OZARKS. By Guy Howard. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 273 *pp.*

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

THE esoteric little group of folklorists who make the quaintnesses of the Missouri Ozarks their particular battening grounds, became more than a little excited a few years over a discovery they made —a genuine "walkin' preacher" who made his rounds of the backwoods churches he served by hiking down the hill lanes and over the ridges to his destinations.

The perambulating parson achieved a degree of celebrity through their writings, and even was a guest once on a national radio hookup. But for the most part he paid strict attention to his business, and did the work he believed he was ordained for, without seeking fame or finance.

Now Guy Howard, "the walkin' preacher of the Ozarks," has come out with a book, describing his life and adventures—and the book, a simple, straightforward account, with none of the preciousness of the Ozarks folklorists in it, is a highly interesting, true-ringing story of faith and sincere devotion, laid against a thoroughly original background.

This reader, in conning over its pages, was forcibly reminded more than once of that rural masterpiece of a generation or so ago, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," although this book is no imitator of the Eggleston story. The backgrounds are very similar however—backward, frontier people, with their strong religious notions, their feuds, their moonshining, their lapses from morality, their hospitality, their hostility to strangers, their curious laconic speech.

Guy Howard tells a number of incidents which could have been used by Eggleston to advantage. His contest with a venomous 160-pound virago named Missoury, his battle against the moonshiners led by a family named Saxon, his struggle for a school and a church, all make good reading.

The parson himself is revealed as a single-minded man, one of the few to whom spiritual rewards are really the only worth while ones. In several years of service to the Ozarks people he walked an average of 4,000 miles a year and his income averaged no more than $14 a month in that time.

As a handbook on Ozarks customs, "Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks" is an intimate and valuable addition to Americana.

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TRADE Winds

MIDWEST TRAVELOGUE

THE CONDUCTOR of this column would like to be listed as one author who is definitely delighted with his publishers. By this time I hope that regular readers of Trade Winds, at least, are aware that Simon & Schuster have published my book, "Try and Stop Me," and that it is selling infinitely better than it deserves. This I credit to a brilliant publicity and advertisng campaign, plus a nation-wide demand for any book that holds out the promise of a couple of belly-laughs.

There is precious little in "Try and Stop Me" that is original. I simply retold a multitude of stories and bright sayings that I had heard, read, and treasured over a period of twenty years in the publishing business, adding a few impressions of my own of some of the famous people I met personally in that time. It is no secret that the volume was intended originally to be a Pocket Book of Anecdotes—a companion to the anthology of war humor—and that Dick Simon was the gent—in my dreams he has a halo about his head—who saw its possibilities as a full-sized book, and called in Carl Rose to furnish the inspired illustrations. In the distant future the book will still wind up in a twenty-five-cent edition, where it probably belongs, but I would be a first-class hypocrite if I denied that I was enjoying to the full the additional excitement—and the royalties—while they last.

ONE OF MY GREATEST joys has been the chance to experience personally the reactions I have observed in other authors from the publisher's side of the desk at Random House. I have laughed at their eagerness for sales figures twice a day, their uncanny ability to miss the one issue of *The Times Book Review* that contained a full-page ad, the strange quirk in human nature that caused them to forget twenty favorable reviews and brood over a single line of condemnation in one newspaper or magazine. I'll never laugh at anything like that again! I also will take with a cellarful of salt any author's protestations against autographing his books or talking about them in a big bookshop or department store. I had a taste of that in Cleveland and Chicago last week, and I know now how pleasant it is. Why on earth total strangers should attach the slightest importance to the signature of a writer they do not know personally is something I never have understood, but so long as they do, and are willing to make a ceremony out of the event, the boost to the writer's ego far exceeds the nuisances and inconveniences involved in his appearance at the scheduled place and time.

I broke in the act at Veronica Hutchinson's book department at Halle's in Cleveland, convoyed by Ben Zevin and Norman Siegel, columnist of the *Press*. The only untoward incidents in the performance came when a customer asked me if I was the man who had written that book about the Blackfoot Indians, and Siegrid Sitting ran over to tell about another customer who had bought a two-dollar book, proferred a five-dollar bill in payment, and sailed off without waiting for her change. The name of the book she had bought was "Think and Grow Rich."

THAT EVENING the Zevins held open house at their lakefront mansion. Ted Robinson, well-loved critic and columnist of the *Plain Dealer,* was there, and so were William McDermott, the drama critic, John Bush of the News Company, Fred McConnell, director of Cleveland's famous Play House, Judge Friebolin, and just about everybody in the book business in those parts. Nat Howard, editor of the *Cleveland News,* turned out to be an unparallelled authority on the songs of Kern, Gershwin, and Rodgers, and we rendered a series of duets that cleared the drawing room in record time. Howard remembers Kern melodies that the composer himself has forgotten. Another guest was the urbane and witty Joe Newman, who read a poem he had written that amused me so much I persuaded him to let me reprint it in Trade Winds. It will appear in next week's column.

THURSDAY was devoted to a hurried survey of the people who have made Cleveland one of the great book cities of America. . . . The World Publishing Company, where Tower and Forum books are produced, and where one editorial cubicle is occupied by two young ladies named Miss Read and Miss Wright. . . . The Burrows Company, now owned by Howard Kline, who, with his canny lieutenant, Charlie Jackson, plans to blanket all Ohio with new branches, beginning next March in Akron. . . . The Publix Bookshop's Anne Levine. Now I realize why salesmen spend so much time showing her their lines. . . . Harry Korner, still interested in limited editions and books of typographic beauty. In November, 1929, we discovered together that the market for hundred dollar books had taken a strange tumble. . . . I missed Richard Laukhuff, one of the great personalities in the book world, but did meet Ohio's new governor, Frank Lausche, a hearty, Willkie-esque Independent Democrat who promises to be a potent force in national politics. . . . The day ended at Higbee's, where the irrepressible Anne Udin boasted of a sixty-three per cent increase in book sales in the past two months. "Maybe," she added pensively, "it's because they can't get Camels." (Earl Wilson says that Camel's new slogan is "Ask the Man Who Owns One.") . . . All this time I was busy signing books. One old lady protested bitterly that she didn't *want* her copy signed, but an adroit half nelson, combined with a chancery cross buttock and waist hold, soon brought her to her senses. By the time Miss Udin poured Dave Appel and me into the train for Chicago, the Cleveland quotation on unautographed copies of "Try and Stop Me" was fourteen dollars bid, none offered.

CHICAGO was buzzing over John Knight's purchase of *The Daily News.* In two weeks he had already altered the entire typography of the front page (he thought it looked too much like a morning paper) and added a flock of new editorial features and departments. Knight is rapidly becoming one of the great forces in American journalism. Newspapermen who disagree most violently with his political beliefs admit that he is a great editor. In addition to *The Chicago News,* he now owns the *Detroit Free Press, Miami Herald,* and *Akron Beacon Journal.* Rumor has it that the next city he plans to invade is New Orleans. He told me that he is not interested in building a tremendous chain of papers, but that he "will not turn down any attractive opportunities that present themselves." He is a regular reader of the *SRL,* particularly the "personals," whose authenticity he seemed inclined to question. I assured him that although Chris Morley had invented a few of the more startling "personals" in the beginning, they were one hundred per cent on the level today, with a number of the funniest of them barred by the same intelligent censorship that rules out some of my own questionable jokes. . . . Down the hall from Mr. Knight's office I found Lloyd Lewis, who promises to write another book one of these days. "It's hard for me to keep a book down to reasonable length," he explained. "I've learned *how* to end chapters, but not *when!*"

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"But remember—my expenses are higher these days, too!"

ADOLPH KROCH would rather talk about his son Carl and daughter Gretchen, both in service abroad, than about the book business today. . . . Ralph Henry and his assistant, Lucille Parnell, have written a juvenile called "Chuggety-Chug" that is up to the hundred thousand mark already. . . . Max Siegel has added another new room to his bustling shop. . . . Captain Eugene Reynal and his bride are part of the current Windy City social scene. . . . Clare Jaynes, author of Barbara Stanwyck's next film vehicle, entertained her at the Edgewater Beach Hotel while Goostian Spectorsky, Chicago's Ward McAllister, held court at the famous Pump Room. . . . Colonel McCormick is still in there pitching his isolationist woo, although even he must realize that it is getting him nowhere fast. . . . Fred Babcock finally introduced me to Mrs. Fred Babcock. She's lovely. . . . Leon Shimkin and the Cecil Browns turned up on different enterprises. . . . Arnold Gingrich has decided to drop the book column from *Esquire* for the time being and replace it with "How to Learn Spanish in Twelve Lessons." As long as he keeps the Varga Girl, he should worry! . . .

I WOUND UP my little journey with another autographing shindig at Marshall Field's, serving as a sort of stage wait between Kathleen Winsor, who had laid them in the aisles the previous Saturday, and a live baby elephant scheduled for the following Tuesday. Somebody told me that Rose Oller's book department would ring up the biggest volume in the entire Field store this year, although nobody would verify this. Certainly hers is one of the most exciting and best managed book sections in the entire country. Only two of the customers requested a personal interview with me. One wanted the address of Mrs. Quentin Reynolds. The other asked me if it was true that Ziff-Davis were negotiating for the purchase of Appleton-Century. That was a brand new rumor to me!

ALL THE WAY BACK to New York I puzzled over one thing. Was I an author or a publisher? Or, worse still, neither? I seemed to be working myself into the predicament of the two husbands whose wives went off for a summer vacation, leaving them to keep house as best they might. One eveing they blew in all their points on a four-pound sirloin steak. They left it on the kitchen table while they went into the dining room for a couple of cocktails. What with a few extra dividends, they were slightly rocky when they reëntered the kitchen, but not rocky enough to overlook the fact that their four-pound steak had disappeared. A frantic search proved unproductive, but then one of the men noticed that the cat was licking his whiskers with an uncommonly satisfied air. "I'll bet that cat ate our steak," he exclaimed. "One way to find out," said the other grimly. He seized the cat by the scruff of the neck, and deposited it on the bathroom scales. Sure enough, it weighed exactly four pounds. "Well," he announced triumphantly. "There's our steak all right. Now where the hell's the cat?" . . .

ON MONDAY morning I returned to my desk at Random House. There was the complete manuscript of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "City of Trembling Leaves." Next to it was the new book by George Stewart. Huntington Cairns was in to talk about another edition of "Masterpieces from the National Gallery of Art" and Allan Chase was waiting to tell me about exciting developments in Spain. Then I knew. This business of writing trivia is a sometimes thing. Publishing really good books is the most exciting profession in the world.

BENNETT CERF.

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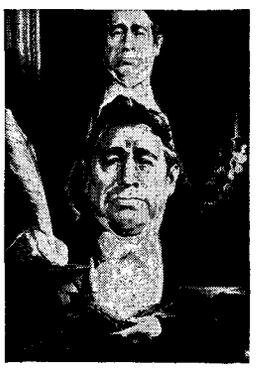

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Seeing Things

SOUTH OF BOSTON

MR. SHAW'S cook was speaking. Way back at the century's turn, she had gone to see Janet Achurch as Lady Cicely in her vegetarian master's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." In the manner of Molière, Mr. Shaw had ventured into her kitchen for a real dramatic opinion. He was not disappointed. "No," his cook had said, "she was not right: when she sat down she got her dress tucked in between her knees: no high lady would do that." Mr. Shaw had no other choice. He wrote Miss Achurch, "that is excellent criticism. You played the whole part, as far as the comedy went, with your dress tucked between your knees."

When actors and actresses are called upon to play ladies and gentlemen, their habit of allowing what may be metaphorically described as their dresses to get tucked between their knees has long presented both the writers—and the relishers—of genteel comedy with a disconcerting problem.

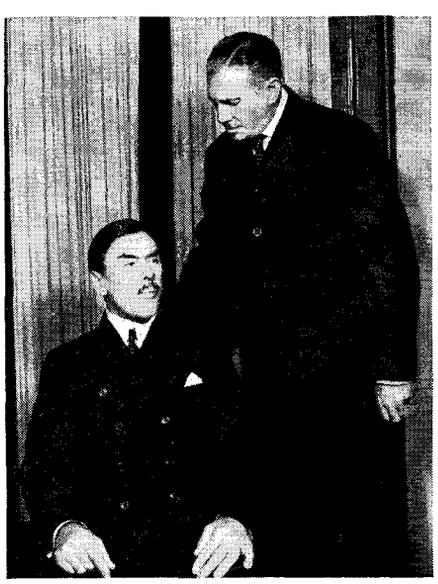
For an illustration one need look no further than "The Late George Apley"* which, as it has been brought to the stage, is entertaining in most respects, especially if Mr. Marquand's novel is forgotten; excellent in Leo G. Carroll's playing of George Apley; and deeply disconcerting in Margaret Dale's performance of his sister Amelia. Although in the past Miss Dale has proven herself to be a creditable actress, and in a more submissive mood could now fit perfectly into the Apley household, she plunges through the comedy with the subtlety of a bulldozer and the quiet of a calliope. Physically she is always perched for a spoof of the Gay Nineties. Vocally she keeps stalking non-existent wisecracks, raising false hopes by pointing at decoys. A child with a new whistle could not toot more shrilly or more tiresomely than she does as she trumpets her lines.

Her chief sin is that she mistakes Beacon Street for Broadway, and limits even Broadway to the detonating values of musical comedy. She acts Aunt Amelia as if the Dybbuk of the late Helen Westley had taken possession of her throat. She is strident in Miss Westley's manner; indeed so unsubdued and militant in her pitch that, as Robert Littell once said of Miss Westley, "she stands out like very large type on a very small page." Miss Dale's trouble is that she exhausts her every energy remembering she is an over-professional actress. The result is that she forgets her major job, which is not only to be a lady in a well-bred world but a Boston lady at that in a comedy about Bostonians who are ladies and gentlemen.

One trembles nowadays to use such words as "ladies and gentlemen." Especially if one means what one is saying. As well employ "twenty-three skidoo" as a timely expletive. Usually it is advisable to smile first. Ladies and gentlemen have gone—even out of fashion. The very words at present are seldom uttered unless, because of some quaint survival of platform flattery, they have been preceded by "Mr. Chairman." As the late George Apley or the elder Clarence Day understood the terms, ladies and gentlemen must be counted among the Americans who have vanished. The few who do remain may not live on reservations, but they might just as well.

We are a people admitting no nationally recognized social leaders. That is unless we are willing, as most of us are not, to bow in bobby-socked awe at the court of Hollywood's competing sweaters. "My Day" is our nearest approach to a Court Circular, and the difference is both notable and healthy. Unquestionably for better and not for worse "The Good Society" no longer means what Ward McAllister would have thought it meant. To grant any meaning to the phrase as he would have employed it, certain homes have to be fortresses, and admittance to their interiors coveted guarantees of select approval. When the columnists in New York created what was known as Café Society, they burnt bonfires on the grave of the Old Order. The worldlings who composed Café Society needed only to have expense accounts or money; a glitter of a kind that could be syndicated; the lust to be seen in public; and apparently homes in which they could not bear to meet or were unable to entertain. Had one spoken of good breeding in their presence, the chances are one would have been misunderstood.

Even in the theatre, the changes—the really important changes—in our public conscience and private manners have left their mark. A society drama is now apt to mean a play of protest, not a bijou for the carriage trade. Its concern is most likely millhands rather than settee-sitters, the barricades and not the drawing room. Ten to one when the characters in a comedy are described as ladies and gentlemen, the comedy in question is a period piece. This is the theatre's polite way of admitting that good manners are most readily encountered in costumes. The windows and doors are now blessedly thrown open backstage no less than out front. A new day, a new audience, a new drama—which is as it should be, and all to the good. The gain has far outweighed the loss.



—Vandamm Studio

Leo G. Carroll and Percy Waram in "The Late George Apley."

IF the silly peerage of the older comedies has given way to the vital steerage of the new, if Bohemia has ousted Burke, if a man's present now alone counts and his past (if genteel) is kept a secret, if the autocrats in every family have spawned sons and grandsons who want only to be Caspar Milquetoasts in their homes, if the people who once assumed they were aristocrats in the bosom of their families now count themselves lucky to survive as members of a self-supporting bourgeoisie, if the leisure classes have almost been shamed out of their leisure; and the conscienceless rich are being taxed so that even they have acquired the gift of talking poor in order to remain fashionable, all these are signs beyond question of our democratic health. But however vitalizing these changes in tastes and standards, in decorum and behavior, may be for the body politic, they only complicate the problem of those who

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would write, direct, act, or properly appreciate a comedy of outmoded manners such as "The Late George Apley."

Mr. Marquand's novel remains a notably satisfying book. It is a brilliant study in character and environment. The male Apleys may be its central figures but Boston is its conquering hero. One smiles, or laughs out loud, at its quiet, nudging exposures of what is ridiculous because unthinking in its society's parochial point of view. Mr. Marquand's device was to take out a double insurance on his satire. He not only let George Apley give himself away in letters and notes, but underscored his qualities by the comments and connectives of a bogus narrator whose mind was no less Beacon Hill than George Apley's own.

The world Mr. Marquand wrote of was never one in which the characters were meant to be comic. It was funny not because its people tried to be witty but because they took themselves so seriously. This is why, though it might have left a comic writer uninterested, it presented a satirist of Mr. Marquand's gifts with more gold than glistens on the State House dome. To the unchanging Bostonians of this changing Boston it was an understatement to speak of their city as the Hub. They may have gone to their graves in Mount Auburn convinced that Yale was anathema and Harvard merely a waiting club for the final club that was Boston. In their eyes New York may have been no better than a siren tempting their younger men. The rest of the country may have been suspect and usually remained unvisited. The advent of the Irish they may have regarded as the deflowering of New England. They may have forgotten to lift their eyes to hills and raised them no higher than their Copleys. But their stock was good; their roots ran deep; they faced their most minor responsibilities gravely, and were the best of excellent citizens, as George Apley made abundantly clear. Although his limitations and pretensions were ridiculous, they could not prevent Mr. Marquand or his readers from losing their hearts to him long before his death.

In order to be good plays, dramatizations have no other choice than to be different from the novels upon which they are based. Their job is not to duplicate but to approximate the qualities of their originals. If as a play "The Late George Apley" fails to do justice to the distinction—the point of view and sometimes even the point—of the book, it does succeed in supplying the season with one of its most enjoyable evenings.

As was to be expected when George S. Kaufman and John P. Marquand worked together in the theater, Mr. Kaufman's touch is bound to be as noticeable as Mr. Marquand's, if not more so. The result is a discord which the admirers of the novel may regret, and which old Bostonians may resent as sharply as Mr. Shaw's cook objected to Janet Achurch's Lady Cicely and for much the same reason, but which most theatergoers will not mind, even if they are sufficiently initiated to notice it.

IN the realm of laughter Mr. Marquand and Mr. Kaufman are as far apart as New York is from Boston. The one speaks for Broadway; the other smiles at and from Beacon Street. Mr. Kaufman is the most expert of our wisecrackers, Mr. Marquand the best of our satirists. Mr. Marquand is as leisurely and detailed as the novelist can be, Mr. Kaufman as telegraphic and broad as the commercial theater demands. Although both are gifted writers, only the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad connects them. Perhaps it is no one's fault if in their play they seem to have met one another at some halfway point rather than at Back Bay station, and then, after having talked hilariously about George Apley's Boston, taken the next express back to New York. But Boston or Broadway as their script is in its emphasis, it has its delectable moments, and is pleasing throughout, except when, during its overlong second act, George Apley surrenders to one of the theater's most sudden and unconvincing changes of heart and character.

Miss Dale, as has been noted, does more than her share to call attention to the fact that she is an actress at work rather than an Apley in her brother's house. The rest of the company plays agreeably, even if Percy Waram is the only one who takes to Beacon Street so that the footlights are forgotten. As George Apley, Leo G. Carroll may remind you that he is an actor. But in his case every such reminder is a pleasure, because he is one of the finest actors we have. He does not content himself with staying on the surface of the character. He probes deeply, avoiding farce, steering away from easy laughs, suggesting not only what is left in the play but drawing upon the unemptied fullness of the book. Compare the reticences and depths of his George Apley with Howard Lindsay's elder Day in "Life with Father," and you see the difference between a full-length portrait and an hilarious cartoon. Although his accent may be more British than Bostonian, I feel confident that the late George Apley's cook, and even his valet, would approve of Mr. Carroll.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Read and judge for yourself

André Gide's

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley

HARRY LEVIN, *New Republic:* "In France, once more the laboratory of the world's ideas, countercharges have been weighed and values tested . . and, though it may be a while before the record is completely straightened out, this oblique little volume contains what may prove to be the straightest part of it. . . . In a time of intellectual inflation, when lesser writers sell out or go soft or succumb to slogans or indulge in conversions, his survival can help us to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit. The literary market is flooded with imitations, but there is nothing like the real thing."

LOUISE BOGAN, *Nation:* "It is a good omen that the first book to come through from France, in translation, after the silence that gripped that country from the 1940 invasion on, is a piece of literature —and one so fresh and vigorous that it might have been written by a man in his vigorous prime. . . . His trust in life has not been an empty hope; he is free; and he hands the unambiguous key to freedom to us all."

New Yorker: "The translation and editing by Malcolm Cowley are topnotch achievements in their line. Gide's clear but compressed writing is hard to get over to English in such a way as to preserve its distinction, and the technical questions he discusses in connection with French verse need careful elucidation for readers not acquainted with the subject. These pieces were sometimes handled so abominably when they appeared in American and British magazines that it was impossible to tell what Gide was saying, but Mr. Cowley has now rescued them and presented them in a form that reproduces the crispness of style and the sharpness of thought of the original. . . . The dialogues add to one's respect for Gide."

KAY BOYLE, *New York Herald Tribune Book Review:* "For some time to come now it will, very likely, be the fashion to read far more political inference into the writings of authors who lived and were published during the occupation than the writers themselves were ready or willing to convey. In spite of Mr. Cowley's laborious underscorings, it is difficult, indeed, to make this present volume of Gide's serve as a very convincing, or interesting, or important case in point. . . . It would be all too easy a matter to dismiss Gide's present book as a rather sad array of weary little articles. . . . There is such pettiness, such weary irritation, such querulousness voiced here that Gide has clearly no part at all to play in France's spiritual renaissance."

VINCENT SHEEAN, *Saturday Review:* "There is hardly a paragraph of this book which can be said to be straightforward translation. Everywhere we are led by the hand; explanations litter the pages; by addition and subtraction, by locutions and supererogatory un-Gidelike phrases, we are given a flattened out version of what Gide really said. . . . I do not wish to be ungrateful to Mr. Cowley for having undertaken the difficult task of making Gide's recent papers available in English, but I do believe he could have achieved this desirable result with less work for himself and the rest of us if he had stuck to the original text. . . . The book itself has merit enough to rise above the unfortunate system of its translator. . .

"Gide is seventy-five. Like Voltaire, he has had numerous fatal diseases for half a century. Those who value a reflective and analytical intelligence of rare quality will hope that he survives as long as possible, so as to give us more of these thoughtful pages, animated by the love of life and letters, lit by the sun of wisdom."

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W.C.T.U. and Women's Rights

FRANCES WILLARD. FROM PRAYERS TO POLITICS. By Mary Earhart. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1944. 387 *pp. With notes, bibliography and index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH K. P. STOKES

WITH less said about the "woman vote" in the recent election than previously, it may well be that the "woman vote" had more effect than ever before. And that the work of pioneers, particularly of Frances E. Willard, at last began to tell with such welded force as to merge into a truly mass-movement, with a notable registration against isolationism and for a better peace. This would be the crowning page to write for such a definitive biography as Mary Earhart has compiled of Frances Willard from her girlhood until her death, February 17, 1898.

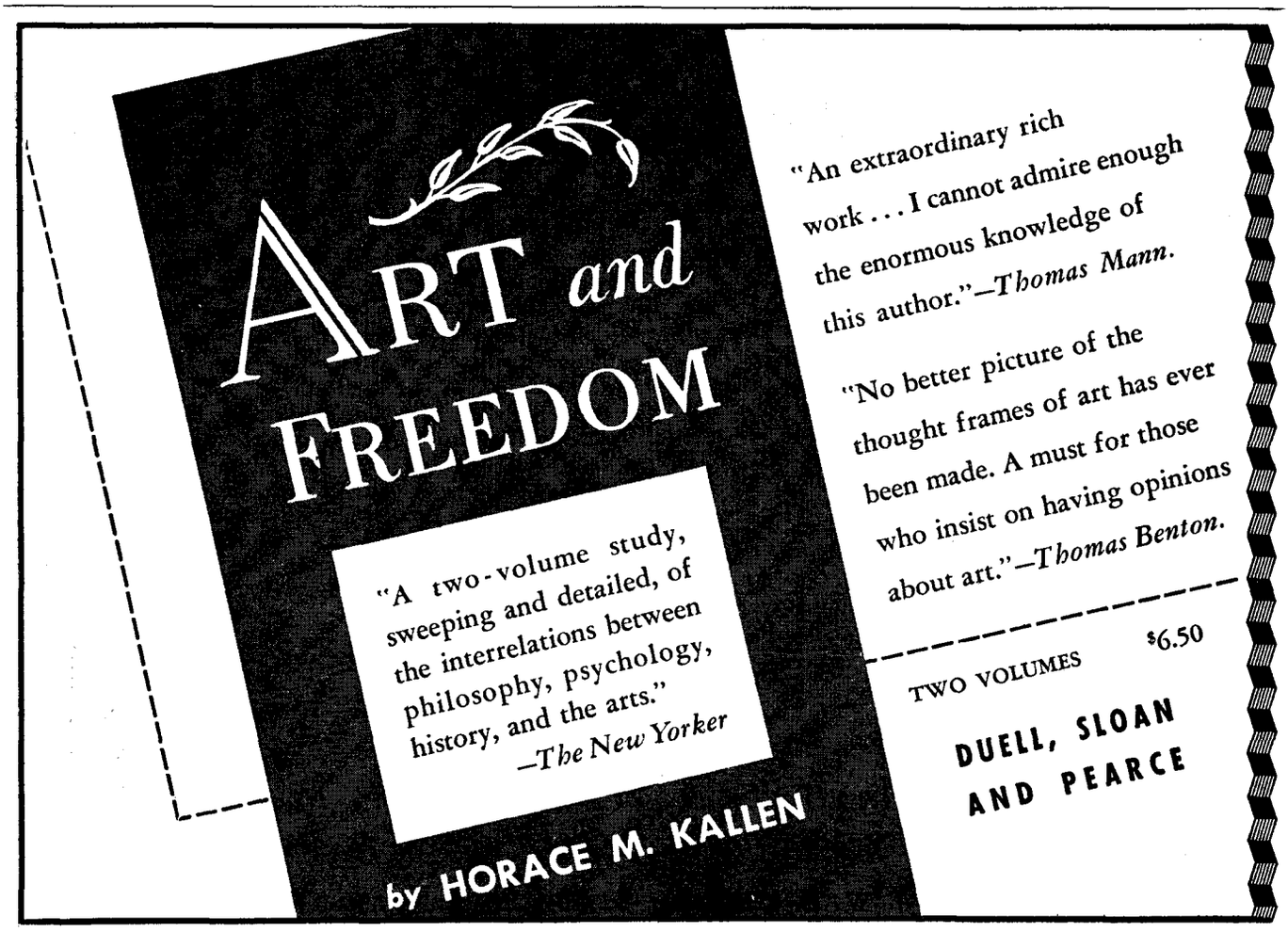
Miss Willard came to suffrage work through her early participation in the nation-wide campaign of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, although the present biographer makes it plain that Miss Willard's interests were always wider and more ambitious than the strictly temperance aims of the organization. Her constant effort was to enlarge its platform to recognize equal rights, peace, and the political life of the nation. The struggle of the white ribbon women and Miss Willard's own fight for equal rights and the franchise are poignant reminders of the ease with which female voters in the United States today exercise their franchise. The women of the hard years before the turn of the century paid dearly with insult, hardship, and fatigue for the privileges of 1944. Frances Willard hoped to get enough collection at one lecture in some remote corner of the country to pay her travelling expenses to the next stand. By personal privation she also sent part of her income to her mother and other dependent relatives when relief was needed.

The life of Frances Willard, "educator, a leader of women, a leader in politics, a reformer, an orator, and a writer," according to the author, is a history of one woman's burning desire for her place in the sun as the champion of causes in which she heroically believed. Hers was the victory, too, of frailty supported by almost superhuman courage. The gradual broadening of the W. C. T. U. into an organization to include the beginning of woman suffrage and equal rights, Miss Willard's personal contribution, due to the unusual breadth of her views and experience, is interestingly traced. She became the figurehead for the social advancement of women, and as such the State of Illinois presented her statue to the capital

Miss Earhart writes:

> . . . she opened the way for women to participate in party deliberations. By raising the Prohibition party to a potential third party threat she dramatically emphasized the importance of women in party politics. With her graphic success before their eyes, the Republicans hastened to open their ranks to a few women. Miss Willard was also significant in politics, in that she made thousands of women politically minded who had never before even realized the function of a party. Woman in politics, therefore, dates from Frances Willard's alliance with the Prohibition party. This activity, however, was more significant as a part of the wide-sweeping woman's movement than it was as a special contribution to politics.

Mary Earhart has written a source-book for those who wish to study the rise and sweep of the temperance and woman movements in this country. The record is embellished almost beyond lay interest with facsimiles of broadsides and letters. In its field, this work will be a valuable addition to Americana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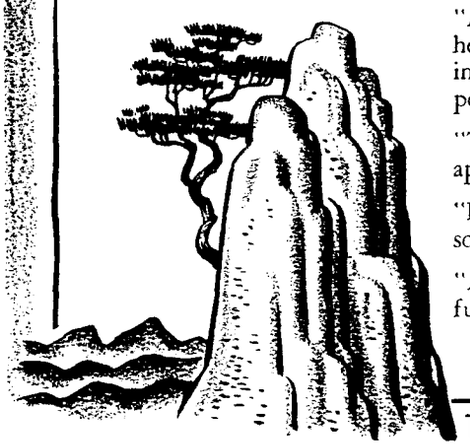

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John Clarke Adams and C. Abbott Phillips, Jr., who translated this book from the original Italian, have lost none of the flavor, profundity and stinging lightness of the original. For example:

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Eulogy OF Judges

By PIERO CALAMANDREI

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IS FRANCE INCURABLE?

(*Continued from page* 6)

sities of this Republic as expressed in its ways and works were centralized, hierarchical, and authoritarian, its propensities in thought and feeling, as expressed in its signal arts and philosophy, were toward individualistic mobility, and liberty. A psychiatrical interpreter of culture might say that the arts and letters of France which persuaded and won the world were compensatory to her institutional economy. As against the consistency and mutual support of conduct and fantasy such as Dr. Brickner attributes to German life and letters, a psychiatrist might argue that the French are mutually contradictory, and that French letters express a flight from French life. If he interprets German culture as paranoiac, he might interpret French culture as schizophrenic.

His ground would be the consistent preoccupation with spiritual liberty in much of the representative expression of the French mind. He might stress the ironic scepticism of Montaigne and Rabelais and Molière, freeing themselves by laughter from the powers they cannot overcome by force. He might name almost all the great lights of the Enlightenment, of whom Voltaire was the most luminous, laughing themselves free on the highway of reason and fearless inquiry, from the spiritual and material tyrannies of church and state. He might name the procession of innovators in the arts,—in painting, David, the impressionists, the post-impressionists, the cubists, the surrealists; in music—Debussy to Satie; in the thankless struggle to democratize Catholicism, devout spirits from Lammenais and his companions to Loisy and his.

Most definitively and signally, perhaps, he might call attention to that which is most French in the philosophy of the French—the unremitting meditation on a metaphysic of liberty, the struggle to vindicate the reality of freedom, sometimes against the compulsions of the church, sometimes of the state, sometimes of science, often of authoritarian art. He might list names of philosophers of all sects and parties, from Descartes and Maine de Biran, to Bernard and Renouvier and Boutroux and Poincaré and Brunschwig and Blondel and LeRoy and Bergson, laboring to establish and to defend, each in his way, an island of individual freedom and personality, in which we really "live" inaccessible to the institutional and necessitarian devices on the workaday world. He might even lay particular emphasis

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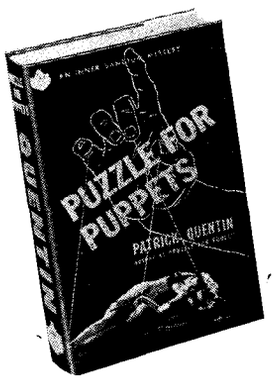

PUZZLE FOR PUPPETS

by Patrick Quentin

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on the philosophy of freedom which Charles Renouvier, that warrior of the Second Republic, endeavored to convert from the argument of a metaphysician into a fighting faith and a program of life for free men.

And then our psychiatrist might observe that if France is curable, the cure must consist in achieving something like this program of Renouvier; in unifying the split personality of the French people by converting freedom, the dream-fantasy into freedom, the means and ends of the waking life.

Can this be done? If our psychiatrist is of a sanguine temperament, he might reply Yes. Not only can it done. It is being done. Paranoia may be incurable, but for schizophrenia shock-therapy is almost like a specific. The Nazi assault, the catatonic withdrawal from combat, the *Führership* of Pétain, the final Nazi occupation, provided the shock; and the formation of Charles de Gaulle's Fighting French the beginning of recovery. The Maquis, the underground and its works are phases of the recovery. A Fourth Republic, founded in freedom without fear and without illusion, animated by a fighting faith in freedom, consecrated to freedom in its works and ways, should be its completion.

To this may be added that the construction, out of the disasters of the war, of a Europe of peoples free and at peace, rests not a little on the likelihood of this completion. The United Nations owe it to their own peoples as quickly as possible to enable the French to work out this completion for themselves. For a society, as for a schizophrenic individual, lack of the liberty and encouragement of self-help may not only arrest cure but bring on relapse. A strong, free France is the insurance of a free and peaceable Europe. To take out this insurance may cost still more blood and sweat and tears and its achievement cannot be guaranteed in advance. But what can, save death?

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "there" instead of "here." 2. "unconfined" instead of "unrefined." 3. "nor any" instead of "and not a." 4. "breast" instead of "beast." 5. "brave" instead of "bold." 6. "most" instead of "best." 7. "lot" instead of life." 8. "Truth" instead of "Hope." 9. "noiseless" instead of "even." 10. "chance" instead of "fate." 11. "thing" instead of "sense." 12. "stand" instead of "sit." 13. "learning" instead of "knowledge." 14. "of" instead of "at." 15. "gleamed" instead of "burst."

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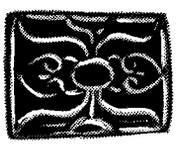

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CHRISTMAS, 1944

Shall I tell you who will come
to Bethlehem on Christmas Morn,
Who will kneel them gently down
before the Lord, new-born?

RUTH SAWYER.

IN these days that precede the Christmas of 1944 the bookshops and department stores are filled with people buying books as fast as they can be wrapped and paid for. There has never been anything quite like it, this eagerness to give and to possess books. Fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, grandfathers and grandmothers crowd around the shelves and counters that hold the books for boys and girls, earnestly comparing "Rabbit Hill" with "In the Forest," "The Park Book" with "The Friendly Animals." Sometimes someone chuckles and says excitedly: "Look at this!" Sometimes these adult faces are tense or sad. There are heartaches this year everywhere. The dread telegram from the War and Navy Departments has been delivered, since last Christmas, at many American homes. Nevertheless, in some way the Christmas joy and peace must be found for the children. Where can one find it and share it more easily than through stories and pictures and music? It is a year when the story of the Christ Child should take precedence over the department store Santa Claus. The activities of that old gentleman have been definitely restricted, anyway, by the OPA. But no man-made agency can affect the drama and beauty of the scene in the stable in Bethlehem. The other day, in a crowded bookshop, a tired looking woman took up a copy of Anne Eaton's "The Animals' Christmas" and turned its lovely pages. The light that came into her face was good to see. She had found her Christmas.

The older boys and girls are more serious than usual this year in making up the list of books that they want as gifts. They want to be not only amused and interested, but informed. They seek books through which they can develop their hobbies and plan their future. They want books about the men who are fighting this war and the tools that they are fighting with. They want books about a world that has suddenly grown small, that is as near and accessible to them as the Continent of Europe was to their farmers. They want books that tell them how people of other countries think and feel, how they govern and work and play. Editors of children's books at the publishing houses have realized this growing need, and have provided for it to a very large degree. There have never in this reviewer's memory been so many *attractive* books that tell you things you want to know. But it takes a certain amount of background and experience to find just the right one to fill this varied need. The "layman" would do well this year to consult an expert. Many bookshops and public libraries, in the large cities at least, have "experts" constantly on hand. If your sons and daughters cannot select books for themselves, consult one of these experienced people before you buy books for them, unless you are one of those lucky and delightful parents who know exactly what you want to read yourself and what you want your child to read.

Sometime on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day make a "quiet hour" for the children. Light a candle for them and read aloud the Christmas story as it is told by Saint Luke. Give them through good recordings—or through your own and their voices—the old carols that have expressed the meaning of Christmas to simple souls through centuries. Tell them a story—a new one or an old one. Perhaps the one that you heard on Christmas Eve when you were a child. Then let them have the new books to look at, to possess, to treasure. It is this hour and not the war that they will remember when they look back on Christmas, 1944.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FOR JOY AND PEACE

RABBIT HILL. By Robert Lawson. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 128 *pp.* $2.

IN these days of comic strips, of even more pretentious and expensive volumes that burlesque the animals and make them ridiculous, this book of Robert Lawson's is as refreshing as a cool wind in a stuffy room. The illustrations alone would make it an unique and authentic record. They are the most sensitive and the most beautiful that this artist has made for his admiring audience of boys and girls the country over. They so vividly picture the Connecticut hills that a native of New England exiled to some far-off outpost would look at them with a lump in his throat. Here are the familiar rounded hills, the fields with their low stone walls over which the bitter-sweet flings its pale green leaves and orange berries. Here are the little juniper trees, standing straight and slim and well-tailored, so perfectly drawn that we can smell their spicy branches and see the sun on their blue-green tips. Here, in exquisite detail, are the sumach, the blackberry vines, the shining poison ivy leaves, the wild flowers. And against this background are the little animals who live their ordered, complicated lives around and beneath the homes that men have built.

We have seldom had for children so convincing a picture of rabbits—real, wild New England rabbits. Mr. Larson's knowledge of them is almost uncanny. Observation, no matter how long and how informed, hardly accounts for it. Is he, by any chance, a rabbit himself at odd moments? Does he, like Harvey, go about visible only to those who have sense enough to see him? It is an interesting theory and would account for the authentic quality in Father Rabbit's dialogue with Little Georgie when he is preparing him for the trip to Uncle Analdas. "What do you do when you come to a bridge?" says Father. . . . "Good,

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now recite your dogs. . . . Excellent. Now do you remember your checks and doublings?" By the time the lesson is over we know *too* much about the defenses that rabbits build up against the dangers that beset them!

As for Uncle Analdas himself, that wise, tough old New Englander, the portrait of him on page forty-eight is nothing short of a masterpiece. Remember that he and Little Georgie are *rabbits,* and look at them—innocence and experience, ignorance and knowledge expressed in every line of their faces.

By the time the "new folks" come to open up the house and plant a new and generous garden, we know all the problems of the rabbits, the field mice, the chipmunks and squirrels, the gray fox, the woodchucks, the moles and skunks, and even the deer. Their watching and testing of what Kipling's Puck called "folks in housen" is an exciting thing to follow. It is encouraging but uncertain until the new folks put up a sign reading "Please Drive Carefully on Account of Small Animals." Then they rescue Willie Field Mouse from the rain barrel and restore him with warm milk flavored with brandy while their cat looks on—and does nothing! In the end, in the shadow of the big pine tree on the small circular lawn near the house, they set up a statue of the Saint who loved and trusted all small, wild things—Saint Francis. Mr. Lawson's word picture of the night when all the little animals came to pay homage to their Saint is as lovely as his drawing of the scene. One can hardly say more.

It is difficult to find a comparison for this book. As far as this reviewer knows, there is nothing that combines a humorous and dramatic story with a background so authentic and characterization so true. Nature lovers will approve it and the children will love every word of the text and every line of the drawings.

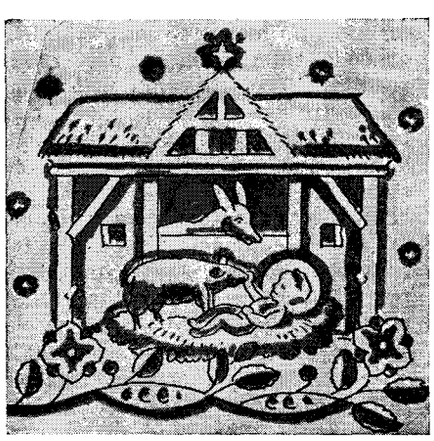
M. G. D.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES: A COMPLETE EDITION. With 212 Illustrations by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1944. 864 *pp.* $7.50.

TO have a complete edition of the folktales collected by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in one volume is an important event in any year. In this year, it is especially important. Here in this sturdy, well-made book are all of the stories collected and translated into English by Margaret Hunt. They have been revised and the collection completed by James Stern. There is an illuminating foreword by Padraic Colum and, following the tales, an essay on folklore by Joseph Campbell that is almost as informing and stimulating as the foreword to Sir George Dasent's translation of the Norse tales. Then—as though all this richness were not enough—there are over two hundred illustrations, many of them in rich, jewel-like colors, by Josef Scharl.

One can spend hours, even days, happily over these drawings, challenging or approving the unique interpretation that this artist gives to familiar scenes and characters. Even the tiny "head and tail" pieces have significance. Look at the Fisherman in "The Fisherman and His Wife." We have seen him often before; but never so clearly, so truly. Look at the full-page drawing of "The Musicians of Bremen," and chuckle over the expression on the donkey's face as, correctly posed, he gives his whole soul to his singing. Look at the exquisite design of the Juniper Tree on page 223. In all of these illustrations there is an atmosphere, a consistency. There is also a virile imagination and a keen sense of humor. You may not agree with them, but you are compelled to look, weigh, judge. It is all great fun!

Words fail us when we try to express what it means to have so many of the stories stored up in one volume. We turn the pages with the eagerness of an explorer who, coming back to a long-remembered island, sees beyond it another island only dimly remembered. Here, for our delight, is the last story in Wanda Gag's collection, "The Dragon and His Grandmother." Margaret Hunt translated it "The Devil and His Grandmother." It was the only tale in Wanda Gag's book that the New York boys and girls did not know. And how they do love it! In this story and in "The Fisherman and His Wife" Miss Gag's wording is still the best for storytellers. Her rhyme is more rhythmic and her dialogue livelier and more effective. Here, too, is the tale of the race between the hare and the hedgehog that Walter de la Mare so happily worded in his "Told Again." Here is the German version of "Little Red Riding Hood" which Margaret Hunt calls "Little Red-Cap." Here is "Cinderella" which in some translations from the German is called "The Rose Tree." Storytellers will find, with a thrill of pleasure, that several of the less well-known stories here were retold by Howard Pyle in his "The Wonder Clock."



—*From "The Animals' Christmas."*

For everyone who is concerned with the literary inheritance of his own generation or of generations to come this book is almost a necessity. So many other well-loved volumes have stemmed from it, so many of the characters of beasts and men that the children know and love step out of its pages. There is about it a feeling of permanence. Other translations of and illustrations for these famous tales will come—and go. This good green book seems to say to us:

"I shall live forever."

M. G. D.

THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS. Poems, Carols, and Stories chosen by Anne Thaxter Eaton. Decorated by Valenti Angelo. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 124 *pp.* $2.

SOME of us have had these poems and old carols as a Christmas greeting from Anne Eaton. It is good to have them here in so exquisite a dress. Everything about this book speaks the simplicity and reverence, the peace and beauty of the story of the Christ Child. The stories are unusual ones, some known and some printed for the first time. Here is Pura Belpré's tale of the Three Kings and the preparations for their journey into Judea. It is a story warm with humor and rich with Oriental color. One of its characters is Raton Perez, the royal Spanish mouse whom American boys and girls have learned to know through Miss Belpré's "Perez and Martina." Here is Valenti Angelo's moving story of "The Splendid Gift" and Selma Lagerlof's "The Holy Night." Here is a Polish folktale retold by Marguerite de Angeli. Here is Antoniorrobles's tale of little Redondel and his camel. Here is Kenneth Grahame's "Dulce Domum," the chapter in "The Wind in the Willows," when Mole and Ratty come back to Mole End and the field mice sing carols under their windows. The carols and the poems are unusual too. One could not find them without long searching. The book in both text and format is obviously a "labor of love." It brings to our minds and our emotions things like the Fra Angelico paintings at San Marco in Florence and the exquisite carvings on some of the old French and Italian tombs. It grew slowly out of deep feeling. In the words and in the drawings its message is joy and peace.

M. G. D.

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THE CHRISTMAS ANNA ANGEL. By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 49 *pp.* $2.

KATE SEREDY has made fascinating pictures in gay colors for this story of a little girl in Hungary and the Christmas cakes that were made for her by an angel in a dream. This is a war-time Christmas. The fat goose for the Christmas dinner was hidden away "in a little box of a house far from the road so the Army could not find it." A military car came to the farm and the officers counted the bags of flour. "Is this all the wheat? Have you hidden any white flour?," they demanded. Anna's father answered steadily, "I have hidden nothing." And the Army went away. But Mari, Anna's mother, "looked very young and like Anna when she was thinking something wonderful and secret."

When Anna went to bed on Christmas Eve, stuffed full of roast goose and apple cake, she did not feel sure that the traditional Christmas cakes would be under the Tree the next day. Then Ferko, her little dog, surprised her by speaking. "Puppies and dogs, cattle and horses," he said, "I don't know about cats and I don't care—we all speak on this Night. She is waiting for you. Come quickly." And Anna put on a warm dressing gown and went down stairs to the kitchen, to that lovely scene when the Anna Angel makes the Christmas cakes. The old brown China hen lays the eggs for them, wisps of wheat straw make the flour, bees swarm into the warm kitchen and give the honey. The cakes are baked and frosted in a happy dream. And then the miracle—there they are the next day under the Christmas Tree! Anna herself told this story to Ruth Sawyer.

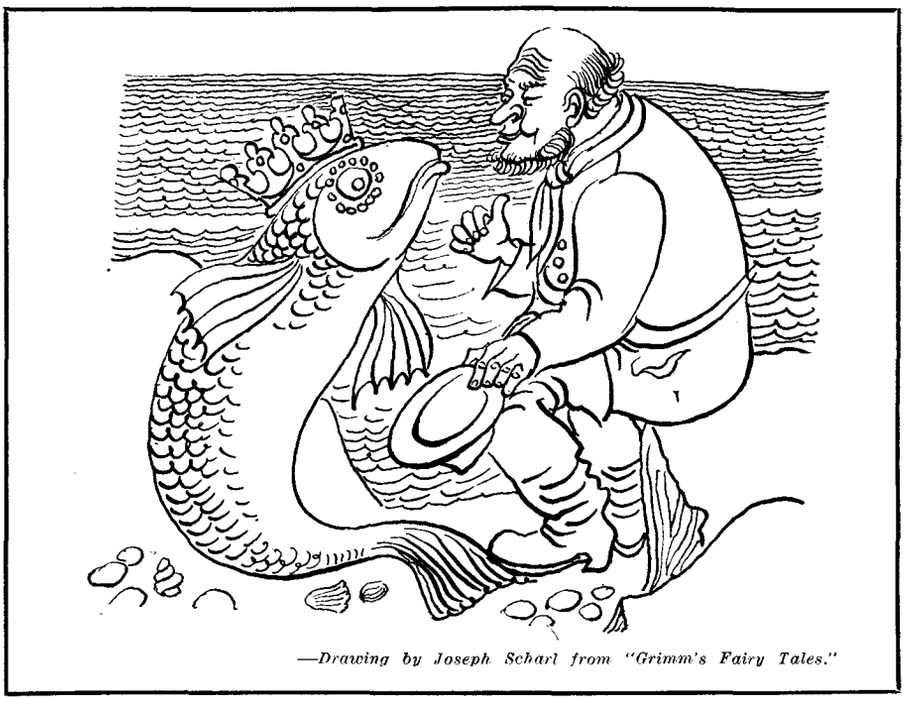
M. G. D.

THE LONG TRAINS ROLL. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 259 *pp.* $2.

ALTHOUGH this is a story of Nazi underground activities and F.B.I. investigators its chief interest is the fine picture that it gives of life on the railroads. Randy, the hero, is a section hand who worked near the Calico Gap—a pass through the Appalachians and an important military objective. The railroad slang is not always intelligible to the lay reader, but the characterizations are good throughout. It is a story that will appeal strongly to older boys.

Edward Shenton has made a full-page decoration for each chapter. The end-papers are a fine drawing of the Line as it curves through the Gap.

MURIEL GILBERT.



—*Drawing by Joseph Scharl from "Grimm's Fairy Tales."*

WAG-BY-WALL. By Beatrix Potter. With Decorations by J. J. Lankes. Boston: The Horn Book. 1944. 28 *pp.* $1.50.

OLDER boys and girls who as children knew Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny—and there are thousands of them—will treasure this little book that tells Beatrix Potter's last story. It is the story of old Sally Benson and her clock, Wag-by-Wall. Hard times had come to Sally in her little whitewashed Westmorland cottage. Rain spoiled her tiny crop, the pig died, she was forced to sell the cow to pay her debts. She had only a memory of her golden-haired daughter who had "run away to marry a wastrel." Then came the letter saying that her daughter and the worthless husband had both died, leaving a little golden-haired girl as a legacy to Sally.

At Christmas time Sally sat by her hearth and wondered what she would do. No money to buy food, no money to make the cottage warm and comfortable, no money to bring the little granddaughter to her—to pay her railroad fare. Then the white owl up in a warm corner of the chimney came tumbling down, spreading sooty stones and mortar on the hearth. And something else tumbled down with him . . . "an old stocking tied 'round the ankle with a bit of string." Old Sally's story ends happily. It has the atmosphere, the wise choice of words that have made Beatrix Potter's "little books" so beloved. The delicate woodcut illustrations are completely in keeping with the story. It is a distinguished little book and one that has enduring value.

M. G. D.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 47 *pp.* $1.25.

THIS quaint little book tells the story of the first crèche that was made by Saint Francis in a church in the little Umbrian town of Greccio. It was the year of Our Lord 1223. The ox who came to help the Saint reproduce the traditional scene was lame, the lamb was weak and ailing, the ass mange-ridden. But they were miraculously cured of their troubles and came from the church whole. The birds deserted the streets and the woods and fields to play their part in building a likeness of the stable in Bethlehem on the night that Christ was born, while the people of Greccio watched in awe and wonder.

The illustrations, some in color and some in sepia, have the simple line and perspective of the early Italian painters. They bring a sense, too, of the little hill towns of Umbria and Tuscany as they have been for centuries, as—for all we know—they still may be. This is a book to send as a Christmas card to a family, to be read aloud to the children while they await the lighting of the Christmas Tree.

M. G. D.

BUCKEYE BOY. By Marjorie Medary. Decorations by James MacDonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1944. 265 *pp.* $2.

CLEARER than any "vocational" story, this vivid and well-written tale of an Ohio boy in the middle of the last century reveals the struggle and the growth of youth. Tom Kenyon, an orphan, runs away

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from an unsympathetic uncle and works for a while as a mule driver and steersman on the Canal. He has a hard time and some tough fights. After a severe illness, he enters a printer's shop as an apprentice, thus following in the footsteps of his father who had been a good printer and a lover of good books. Tom soon discovers for himself the power of the printed word. "With twenty-six leaden soldiers I can conquer the world," a French philosopher once said. Tom knows that these twenty-six soldiers are the letters of the alphabet and that the most daring ideas can be expressed by them—ideas that might indeed conquer the world. We catch a glimpse of the political life of the time through Tom's share in the election of Salmon P. Chase as Governor. We have a real insight into the printer's world, so vivid that we can almost smell the printer's ink. Like all boys of his age, Tom knows moments of great exhilaration and of deep discouragement. He makes both enemies and good friends.

There are many characters in this absorbing story of American life. Marjorie Medary has drawn on memories of her grandfather and on wide research for the background of her story. It is a story of adventure and of growth.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE SKY BED: A NORWEGIAN CHRISTMAS. By Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 25 *pp.* $1.

IN Norway, grandmother's sky bed was repainted and hung with new curtains covered with rosebuds for Sigrid and Gerda's Christmas. On the night before Christmas Eve they slept there and dreamed of the trolls. The next day, they decorated the Christmas Tree and helped to make the Christmas cakes. And Karen filled the best green bowl with porridge and carried it to the attic for the Nissen. Then they waited for the hour when the Tree would be lighted. "At last five o'clock came. The church bells chimed from every tower in the land. It was the signal for Christmas to begin. The doors of the long room were opened. For a while everyone stood still, looking at the lovely glittering Tree. Gledelig Jul! Gledelig Jul!, they all shouted."

The well-known Norwegian writer and story-teller has given us the very essence of the Northern Christmas in this story. It is shadowed by the war, but its spirit and tradition are as strong as ever. The Nissen still lives in the attic and the Yuleman will come again with his gifts when the war is over.

M. G. D.

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***The Horn Book Magazine,* 50 cents a copy; trial subscription of 3 issues for $1.00; gift subscription $2.00 for one year.** [6 issues.] Regular price $2.50 a year.

WAG-BY-WALL, by Beatrix Potter. "A new book by Beatrix Potter is an event, and this little book is one of rare distinction with its photograph of the author and its gracious decorations by J. J. Lankes. Any age." — LENA BARKSDALE, in *Publishers' Weekly.*

"Rubbing one's eyes to make sure of seeing aright, this tiny volume is taken in hand with something near to reverence. What, a new book by Beatrix Potter, legendary long before the newspapers of two continents paused in the midst of war to record her passing? Even so; it has the country kindness of heaped leaves in autumn, of smoke in the air and stored apples in the cellar; it has the mellowness of fulfilment. It is both young and old, about an old woman with a young heart, such as children know for their own. Beata Beatrix, ave atque vale!" — MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, *New York Herald Tribune Books.*

Wag-by-Wall, $1.50

BOOKS, CHILDREN AND MEN, by Paul Hazard. Translated by Marguerite Mitchell. "For the leisure time of grown-ups, and of certain young people, a book has been published that can give one of the really good things that life has to offer — contact with a keen, rich, balanced mind, with a personality that steps out from the pages and challenges our thoughts of the past, the present and the future. This rare privilege is to be found in *Books, Children and Men.* In the year of the burning of books in Munich, Esther Averill sent from Paris to *The Horn Book* in Boston a little book called *Les Livres, les Enfants et les Hommes* by Paul Hazard. More than ten years were to pass — ten tragic and terrible years — before Marguerite Mitchell's translation was presented to an American public with *The Horn Book* symbol on the title-page. It is a book to own, to go back to again and again, to place on the shelves with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *The Art of Reading,* and Horace Scudder's *Childhood in Literature and Art.* We know that Paul Hazard is, or was, a distinguished French scholar. . . . This book shows him to be a man of keen curiosities, of sympathy and enthusiasm, who answers questions that form in the mind by going directly to the place where they can best *be* answered. His attitude toward childhood is like that of Kenneth Grahame, who once said that 'children are the only *real* people.' *The Horn Book* has given this priceless book a format that is consistent with its distinguished text." — MARY GOULD DAVIS, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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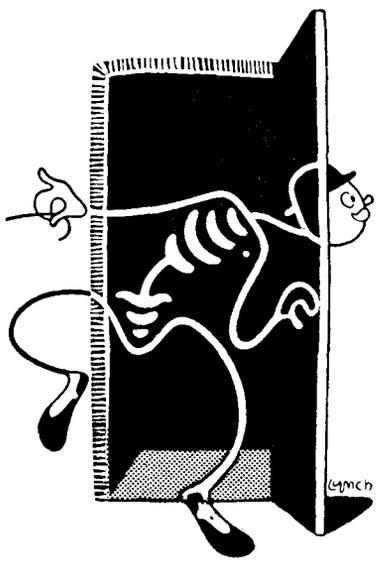
SAY UNCLE

By

DOROTHY BURGESS



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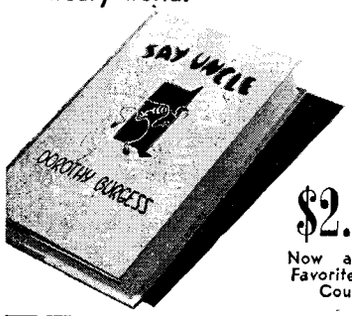

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HARMONY

Materialists sometimes declare that the relation of conscious intelligence to the brain is like that of music to the harp, and when the harp is broken there is no more music. An opposite view, long familiar to us, is that the conscious soul is an emanation from the Divine Intelligence that shapes and sustains the world, and, during its temporary imprisonment in material forms, the brain is its instrument of expression. Thus the soul is not the music, but the harper. . . .
—*John Fiske*

One theory of the invention of the harp is from the warrior's or hunter's bow.

MASTER of music, wring again the strings,
wound the wide air with eddying chord on chord!
Something within me sings
and I would be delivered of a word,
word of creation,
word of wind and flame,
whereby am I its centre everywhere,
whence the hot clotted worlds from chaos came
to glitter like diamond on blue night air.

Melodic archer, bend the infinite bow
missiled with golden tones of rhythmic fire
like battle arrows with heads of blazing tow
arcing the dark rampire!
Twang the bow string, the harp string! Of what whole
my part, none knows—music not mine in breath
or sinew—yet this harmony my soul summoneth. . . .

The harp frame racked from pedestal to crown,
vibrating life in pity and pain unending,
with great dim hands of shadow sweeping down,
some great vague visage bending. . . .

Maxwell Anderson, the playwright, writes me as follows from New City:

> Allow me to report that the Keats house in Hampstead was intact and in good condition when I visited it on April 18, 1943. The caretaker told me that incendiaries had set fire to the roof during a raid, but he and his wife had managed to put the fire out and no damage was visible. Wentworth Place seems to be little known, at least to cabmen; the name evoked no recognition in nearby residents. There were no coincident visitors to the house except those in my own party, which included the London editor of *Stars and Stripes* and William Wyler, both dragged along rather passively, I fear, in the wake of my own enthusiasm.
>
> But Wentworth Place is to me the most perfect of all literary shrines I've seen or heard of. Though a good deal has changed around it, and the wall that parted Keats and Fanny Brawne is still down, the gentle Georgian character of the garden close and the nestling brown cottage in its center cannot have altered much since John Keats wrote the Nightingale Ode under one of the trees or scribbled his feverish notes to Fanny on days when he dared not see her. Wentworth Place is not so impressive as Stratford, nor so popular, but it's much more personal and moving.

Flodden W. Heron of San Francisco sends me a photostat copy of an article clipped from *The London Times*. He says the Keats house at Hampstead has been slightly damaged, but not destroyed, up to the present time. The article is from the *Times Lit Sup* of September 30. It deals with the Keats Memorial House in Rome, "at the foot of the wide baroque staircase leading down the Pincian Hill from the church of the Trinita dei Monti to the Piazza di Spagna. . . . No longer open to the public, the museum and library were still cared for by Signora V. Signorelli Cacciatore, half-Italian, half-Russian curator of the memorial house since 1934. She studied in Cambridge, knows and loves England, and has translated into Italian the verse of Rupert Brooke and W. B. Yeats.' The two following paragraphs are from the article:

> After the North African landings in 1942 it was foreseen that Italy might eventually become a battleground, and the most precious relics—a lock of Keats's hair, the deathbed portrait by Severn, irreplaceable first editions and manuscript poems—were sent to the great Abbey of Monte Cassino and lodged in the library under the care of the Maltese archivist Dom Mauro Inguanez. Less than a year later the Allies invaded Italy, the Germans took over full military control of Rome, and the long-range shells that underlined their mastery in the Ex-Duce's capital fell perilously near the square on September 10, 1943, shattering windows in the old house.
>
> Soon a more deadly danger threatened the ancient Benedictine monastery, debauched and looted by the Nazis and turned into a fortress barring the liberating armies' way

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to Rome. Don Inguanez asked the German commander's permission to pack and move his personal belongings. It was given. One morning, on the outskirts of battle-torn Cassino, a dusty figure in a priest's habit "thumbed" a ride on a German truck going into Rome. He had with him a dilapidated suitcase and a box. The box contained the Keats relics. The priest was Don Inguanez. He brought them to new sanctuary, to a monastery in Rome. Recently the relics were restored to the memorial house, undamaged by the war, in the presence of Sir Noel Charles and Mr. Alexander Kirk, pre-war members of the Memorial Committee and now British and United States representatives to the Allied Advisory Council for Italy.

Bennett Cerf re-routes to me the following from Henry Cohen:

> Living in the same apartment house as William Rose Benét has certain advantages. One day last week when Mr. Benét left the elevator at his floor, I saw a lady tenant nudge another: "That's Benét," she said, "you've seen his page in *The Saturday Review.*" The other lady tenant thought a minute, then her eyes glowed with recognition: "Oh yes, Benet Cerf; isn't he married to Sylvia Sidney?"

I am now in receipt of plenty of literature from National Fantasy Fan Federation, Bob Tucker, Vice President, P. O. Box 260, Bloomington, Ill.; E. Everett Adams, President, 25 Poplar Street, Battle Creek, Michigan; Walter Dunkelberger, Secretary-Treasurer, 1443 Fourth Ave., South, Fargo, North Dakota; Mari Beth Wheeler, Chairman of the Welcoming Committee, 620 North Maine Street, Bloomington, Illinois.

C. J. Fern, Jr., has published several Fancyclopedias. The Argus Book Shop has been working on Dr. J. O. Bailey's "Pilgrims of Space and Time" for at least a year now; 400 pages, $5. C. J. Fern's address is Apartment 3-c, 400 Riverside Drive, New York City 25, and he wants to know from Earle Walbridge if the latter has done any more stefnic sleuthing since "Literary Characters Drawn from Life" (Wilson, 1936)?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page* 37)

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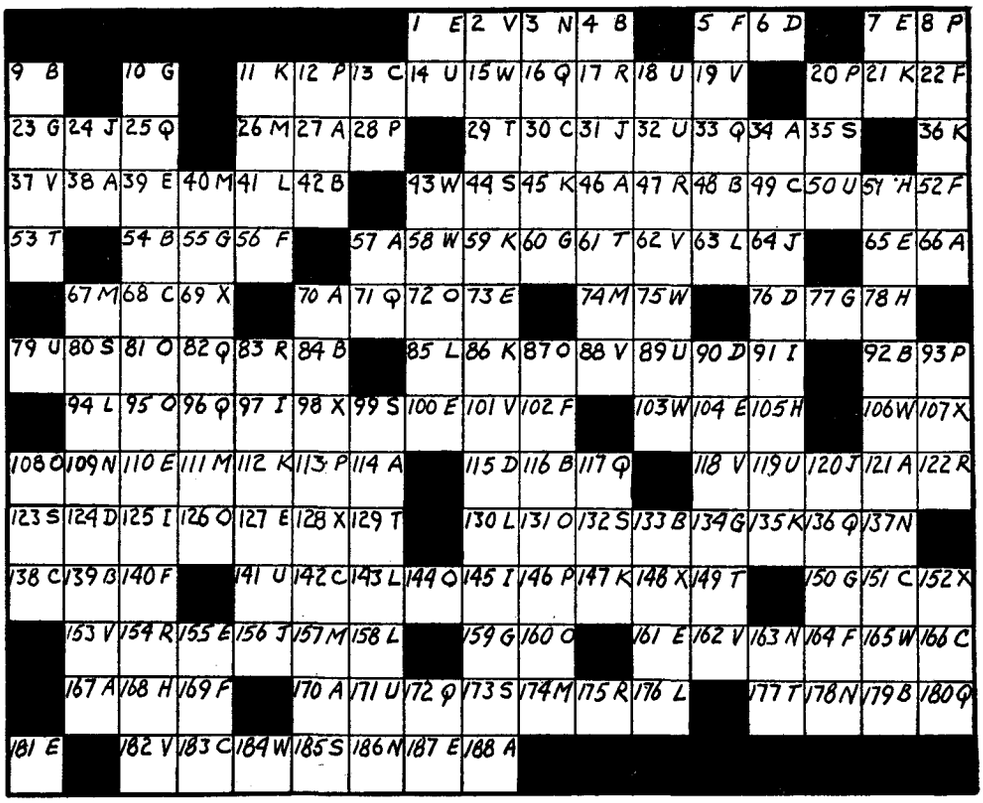
The Crostics Club

YOU can imagine with what mingled feelings of satisfaction and excitement I read the following from Miss Amy Parks, Little Compton, R. I.: "Will you read the enclosed letter and then send it to Mrs. Carl Gray 3rd? Your quotation from her letter in the Crostics Club on November 11 hit me in the eye, for the Annie Guiou whom she inquires about happens to be my half-sister!—and it is she who subscribed to the *SRL* so that I might enjoy your DCs—which I do immensely. I might otherwise never have seen Mrs. Gray's inquiry—a strange coincidence." And Miss Parks writes that Miss Guiou is now Mrs. R. M. Herrick, wife of a professor in the English Department of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; but the "curse of Tut" had no reason to fall on her as she was not a member of the expedition but in Egypt with friends, among them members of the expedition, for she was always 'mad' about Egypt and went there often. She reminisces over Mrs. Gray's childhood summer experiences recalling Mrs. Gray as of exceptional intelligence and interest when Miss Guiou held forth on Tutankhamen. Of that we could guess from Mrs. Gray's entertaining letters today.

While using the reading-room of the Mercantile Library I noticed on more than one occasion that the current *SRL* was not on the magazine rack. Curiosity led me to inquire the reason, whereupon the reference-room librarian escorted me to a locked cabinet out of which she took the copy in question and at the same time showed me back numbers from which the last page had been severed. "By some frequenter of the room," she said, "and we have been obliged to hide it and give it only on request." It seems incredible that any reader of the *SRL* or any subscriber to the Mercantile Library would stoop to such barbarism!

Of the few from whom we have heard in regard to the change in our diagram suggested by H. S. Bartholomew, five approve in general and two uphold Mr. B.'s desire for a change. The latter are W. L. Fox, address not given: "Neither the numerals nor the reference letters are adequate now and there are quite enough difficulties in the DCs themselves"; and Steven Byington: "You know it was always my view that the crossword-puzzle-like diagram was always a 'clumsy device', not at all helpful and does not serve the purpose of 'making the general content stand out'. But perhaps you are now so committed to the diagram, so associated with it in the public mind, that your reputation may depend on retaining it." Mrs. W. G. Thompson, Tucson, Ariz., suggests "a cross-hatch as being heavy enough to make the contrast and save eye-strain." More in our next.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 559

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DIRECTIONS

A. Nickname for a French Canadian (2 wds.)

B. Political party who resisted land rent to the patroons (N. Y.; 1839-47).

C. Cave in Hebron for the burial of the patriarchs (Bib.)

D. Judgment, decree, sentence of a French court (also in Canada and Louisiana).

E. River made famous in "Song" by Lanier.

F. Useless material or practices hindering progress.

G. An ancient horn made of ivory (Hist.)

H. Those opposed to the Bianchi (It. History).

I. Sprightly; ethereal.

J. French composer born in Italy (1633-87).

K. Refused to acknowledge or own.

L. Grasps avidly.

M. Relating to potherbs.

N. Family of American novelists, brothers and sister-in-law (1870-1902; 1880-; 1881-).

O. To hunt or search for with keenness (2 wds.)

P. Irritated beyond self-possession (Fr.)

Q. A heavy or oppressive burden (2 wds.)

R. Place of nether darkness on the way to Hades (Gr. Myth.)

S. Sweet-scented.

T. Any person indiscriminately.

U. Racked; greatly harassed.

V. Possessed with foolish passion.

W. A wrongdoer; transgressor.

X. Son of Neptune and Princess Tyro; a keeper of horses (Gr. Myth.)

WORDS

57 27 188 66 170 167 70 46 121 114 38 34

54 139 42 48 179 9 116 92 4 84 133

183 138 49 68 13 142 30 166 151

115 124 90 6 76

161 181 100 155 73 7 39 65 104 187 1 110 127

140 102 164 56 5 22 52 169

159 60 134 23 77 10 55 150

168 78 105 51

125 97 145 91

24 156 31 120 64

135 147 45 59 112 86 36 21 11

130 94 41 143 85 176 158 63

40 111 174 67 74 157 26

163 178 3 137 186 109

160 95 108 72 144 81 131 87 126

113 146 20 93 8 28 12

16 25 71 117 33 136 172 96 82 180

83 47 17 122 154 175

185 44 35 80 99 123 132 173

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89 32 171 79 119 18 50 14 141

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148 69 128 152 107 98

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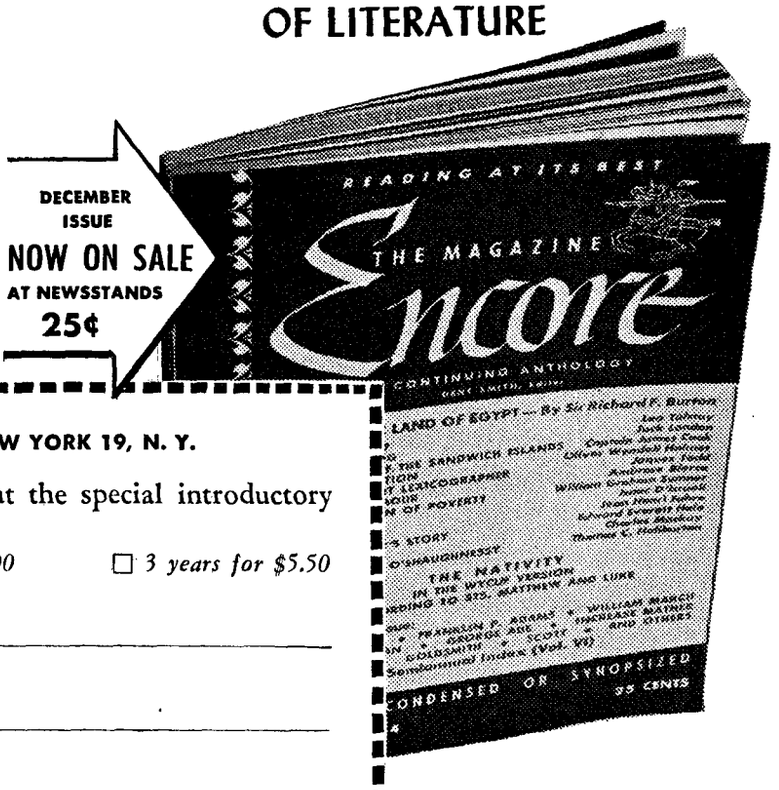

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